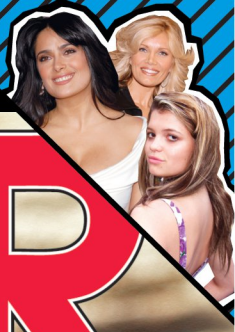
FAMOUS FLESH: SALMA HAYEK, LANA CLARKSON & PIXIE GELDOF



HUSTLER®

SEPTEMBER 2007

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

THE MANY FACES OF BEAUTY

PART 3
OLDER WOMEN

PART 4
EXOTIC WOMEN

Q&A
CHRIS HEDGES
ON AMERICAN FASCISTS

TEX WATSON
"I KILLED SHARON TATE!"
SHOCKING CRIME SCENE PIX

MYSPACE GIRL
TARA IVY

YALE'S BARE-ASSED PUNDITS

ANDY DICK'S ROCK-STAR LIFE

ALT-PORN PIONEER
MARIA BEATTY
FETISH PHOTOS

TERA PATRICK
GETS INTERACTIVE

FOXY NEWSGAL
JENNIFER GOULD
DOES EXTREME SPORTS

COVERGIRL
LANNY BARBY
PORN'S NEW MEGASTAR

SEPTEMBER 2007

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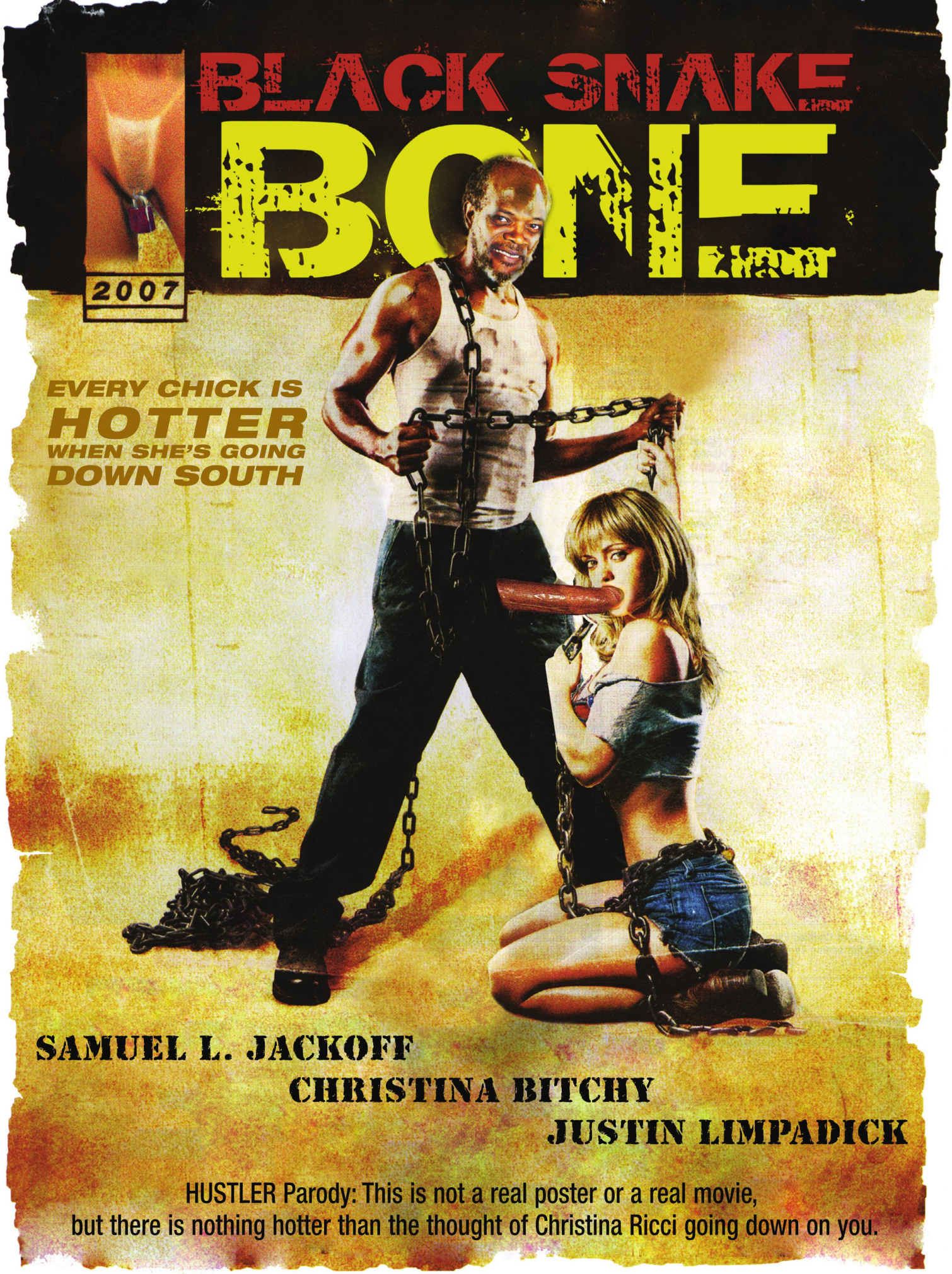

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real poster or a real movie,
but there is nothing hotter than the thought of Christina Ricci going down on you.

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Cover photo by Suze Randall

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A CEO—NOT A ROCK STAR

If America were a corporation, the stockholders would be up in arms. Yet, in point of fact, this country is very much like a corporation, and its stockholders—each and every citizen—sit stupefied on the sidelines.

America is deep in debt—to the Red Chinese no less! The dollar is in free fall; just go to Europe and see what it will buy you. Our schools, roads and healthcare system are in shambles. Even worse, the threat of global warming means massive changes in the way we do business. Given these circumstances, the citizens of this country do not need a rock star to lead them. We need a CEO!

I'm not saying he—or she—has to have actually headed a Fortune 500 company. (God help us; Dick Cheney would fit that requirement.) I am saying the ideal 2008 Presidential candidate should think like someone who has run a major corporation. So far none of the Democratic or Republican candidates meet that criterion—at least not in terms of what they've been saying out on the stump. When that person finally does come along, I believe Americans will get off the sidelines to show their support. We are waiting for a person who tells it like it is.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

CLOCKING IN ▶

No matter what your job is, getting out of bed in the morning is always rough. That is, unless you work at HUSTLER. Still, a blaring alarm shocking you out of sleep is a bummer. Now comes the new **Luna** alarm clock and audio speaker system for iPods, taking you from slumber to the rise-and-shine sounds of your favorite tunes. The system features two full-range speakers, a powerful two-channel amplifier, an AM/FM radio with four presets and a universal dock that fits all makes of iPod. Time to wake up and rock! Available at ***XtremeMac.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.95.

SHINE A LITTLE LIGHT ▲

Nothing is worse than trying to find something in a dark, cramped space. (Believe us, we know.) Zelco's **Peanut Emergency Light** is perfect for any small, confined area that requires a little illumination. Projecting a superpowerful beam of light, the tiny unit can be put anywhere—drawers, glove compartments, briefcases, etc. Besides a 12-hour replaceable battery, Velcro strips are provided for convenient mounting. Available at ***Zelco.com***. Suggested retail price: $22 for a set of three.

◀ SOUND CONTROL

While numerous noise-canceling headphones claim to offer a full-sound immersion experience, the **Clear Harmony** set from Able Planet really delivers. These premium headphones provide a fuller and richer sound from any portable device, including MP3 players, CD players or laptops, while simultaneously blocking out extraneous noises. The **Clear Harmony** set also reduces distortion at higher volumes by soft-clipping the sound wave rather than squaring it off. That makes these headphones perfect for air travel, loud work environments or blocking out that nagging wife who never shuts up. Available at ***AblePlanet.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

HOME ▲ MOVIES ▶

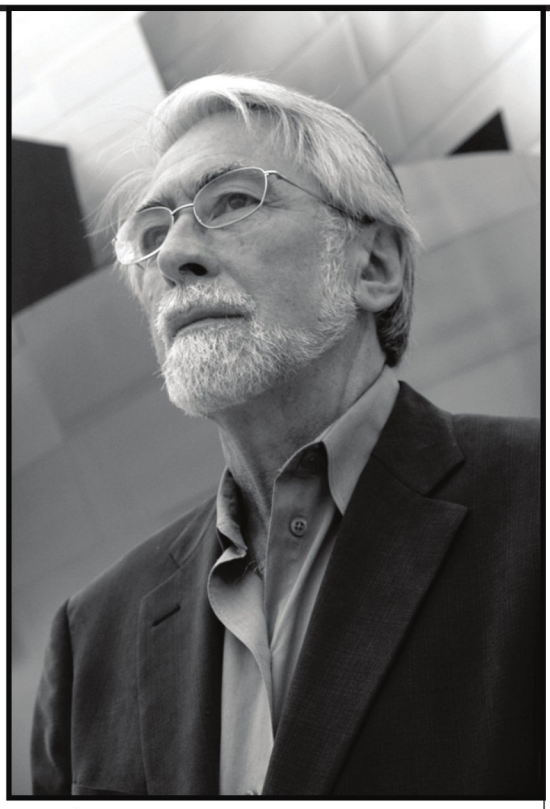
We all want to have a screening room at home but lament that we just can't afford it. Luckily, there are now two supercool, lightweight projectors on the market for less than 2,000 bucks.

First up is the **Super Slim Projector XJ-S35** from Casio, which features a wide-angle 2-X zoom lens that provides the best range of any projector around. And get this: It delivers 2000 ANSI Lumens, so there's no need to dim the lights. The **XJ-S35** is a mere 1.69 inches tall and weighs less than 4 pounds, making it highly portable. You can also connect the diminutive projector to any electronic device, including a VCR, DVD player or a PC (via a USB port). The **XJ-S35** is available at ***Casio.com***. Suggested retail price: $1,599.

Then there's the **ViewSonic PJ258D**, which offers up some of the same features as the Casio projector, plus the added attraction of bringing your iPod to life. Just attach your video iPod (via a built-in cradle) to broadcast your player's visual content. Weighing just 2.9 pounds, the **PJ258D** supports HD signals (including 720P and 1080i), and the remote control features a laser pointer for presentations. Available at ***ViewSonic.com***. Suggested retail price: $1,399.

Pick up either of these fine products today, invite over some hot chicks, and we can do a movie night at your place. The popcorn's on us.

A WOLFOWITZ IN COYOTE CLOTHING



THERE IS A NOW-INFAMOUS scene from the film *Borat* in which the fake Kazakh journalist eggs on a clueless rodeo audience in Salem, Virginia, into cheering for the utter destruction of Iraq. "We support your War of Terror!" satirist Sacha Baron Cohen's mustachioed, thick-accented character proclaims to thunderous applause. "May George Bush drink the blood of every man, woman and child in Iraq!"

Movie audiences cracked up at this manipulative black humor stunt at least partly because it cut so uncomfortably close to reality: U.S. troops are killing and being killed every day in the quagmire of Iraq because of the ease with which Americans were whipped by jingoist revenge fantasies after 9/11. It took several years and the post-op revelations about Saddam Hussein's lack of WMDs for us to realize we'd been bamboozled.

When the definitive history of Bush's Iraq debacle is written, however, curiosity will turn not on a revenge-minded public, or even the hapless President who fronted for this conspiracy, but rather the Machiavellian culprits who manipulated not only the President, but also the Congress, media and—through these docile intermediaries—most of this once-proud democratic nation as well.

Certainly these investigators will be most fascinated by an odd duck of a man named Paul Wolfowitz as a turnkey figure in that conspiracy—and there is no better word to accurately describe the package of deliberate lies that justified U.S. policy. Driven by a contradictory mixture of ideology, careerism, unwarranted intellectual confidence and embarrassing personal insecurity, Wolfowitz and a nerdy-but-aggressive band of fellow ideologues created this international nightmare.

Blessed with an uneducated, angry and gullible President, facing a corporate press cowed by the huge post-9/11 support of the Bush Administration and enjoying the passive support of both parties in a Congress drunk with defense-contractor campaign contributions, a tiny network of men and women who have built a career on calling for military interventions deftly grabbed the controls of our huge battleship of state and promptly ran it aground on the sandy shoal of Iraq.

Every month since the initial 2003 invasion, new documents and investigations reveal just how small and corrupt this war group was. The same names—most of them unelected—surface time and again: government officials Wolfowitz, Douglas Feith, Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld; *New York Times* reporter Judith Miller; and a group of self-interested Iraqi émigrés, led by convicted swindler Ahmed Chalabi.

To this pantheon of playmakers, we should now add Shaha Ali Riza. In an ecumenical group, this Muslim feminist and World Bank expert on the Middle East shares with her Christian and Jewish cohawks a belief that the status quo in the region needs to be forcefully rearranged by the United States. Riza is also the longtime girlfriend of the apparently still-married-but-separated Wolfowitz.

In April of this year the two were slammed in a corruption investigation when it was found that Wolfowitz's appointment to head the World Bank had allowed him to shamelessly promote and reappoint Riza to an external posting in order to—here's the punch line—avoid a conflict of interest.

But while Riza only really came to the media's attention this year, she actually had benefited from her association with Wolfowitz much earlier—and had served the military-industrial complex quite well in the process. In the spring of 2003, with Baghdad having just been taken, Riza—on leave from the World Bank—was appointed by Douglas Feith, at Wolfowitz's direction, to work for the huge but not well-known defense contractor Science Applications International Corporation (SAIC), which had been contracted to figure out how to create a new Iraqi government.

In other words, a powerful U.S. official had arranged for his foreigner girlfriend to assist SAIC, a private company, to figure out how to manage "democracy" in a country we had just "preemptively" taken over based on false evidence (bolstered by that same company, by the way) that the country actually posed a threat to you and I. Confused? Angry? You should be.

"You know, one of the hardest parts of my job is to connect Iraq to the War on Terror," President Bush told CBS News anchor Katie Couric last year, frustrated that a majority of us no longer saw such a link.

"Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together," declared Republican President and General Dwight Eisenhower in his anxiously prescient 1961 farewell speech.

It is not enough, however, to be aware—Americans must take back control of their government as well.

THE FIRST LADY KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE FOR THE SAKE OF THE COUNTRY, FOR THE SAKE OF THE WORLD.
POTATO CHIPS
J. BINGHE

Customer Satisfaction

I'm a porn store clerk in a small Midwestern town, where I work eight hours a day, making change for the jackoff booths, which I get to personally clean. Jesus Christ, I could probably write a book about my experiences back in that hallway!

You can imagine the kind of static a young, attractive girl like me behind the counter might receive. But thanks to you, I can hide behind a HUSTLER with my nose buried between your pages whenever I want.

Clerks here have free magazine-reading privileges, and I've tried *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Oui*, *Nugget*, *Celebrity Skin*, *Marquis*, *Club*, *Maxim*, *Buttlust*, *Cherry Ass* and even a variety of fetish, bondage and gay mags. None of them has been able to "keep me coming" back for more the way HUSTLER has! I love the comics, the articles are intense, and your models are gorgeous! My boyfriend loves you guys too. Even my porn-shy, environmentalist, political-activist friend quotes your articles! What I'm trying to say is thank you for being the best mag in the business. I don't know what I'd do without you.

P.S. Fuck Ann Coulter!

—Heather Oczkowski
Winona, Minnesota

Gerry-Rigging JFK

Thank you so much for naming that no-good scumbag Gerald Ford as Asshole of the Month for June 2007! He'd been spewing conservative shit out of his ass for many years, that's for sure!

I just want to add that Ford was on the Warren Commission that covered up—or tried to, anyway—the JFK assassination conspiracy! It was Gerald Ford and his gang that came up with the so-called Magic Bullet theory, which the corrupt mainstream news media and the United States government have embraced ever since. The JFK assassination proved how phony our government is and that the mainstream media will lie about anything.

—Dennis Comstock
North Muskegon, Michigan

Head-to-Head With Shyla

I have to admit: I told a lie. HUSTLER made me do it. A month ago I looked at the May '07 issue of *High Society*. Their teaser in the back was of Shyla Stylez in a very revealing pose. I wrote the *HS* editor a note saying I'd be buying two copies of June's mag, one for each of her melons.

Last weekend I was at a magazine store, fully intending to buy the June *HS*. But I kept browsing the racks in case I should see something else "useful." And I sure did: HUSTLER'S HOT SLUTS, featuring none other than Shyla Stylez in a raunchy romp. I was hooked.

I quietly looked at her pics in *High Society*, then those in the HUSTLER special edition. After gasping, I put *HS* back in the rack, grabbed your mag and came home. Sorry, *HS*, but HUSTLER won this round easily!

It's oversimplifying to call Shyla a long-haired blonde with huge hooters, even if that is my favorite type of woman. She shows everyone what a porn star should look like. This was also my first opportunity to admire HUSTLER photographer Ladi von Jansky's work. The poses, lighting and angles all show off Shyla's incredibly sexed-up body perfectly!

—Steven J. Bahnsen
Chicago, Illinois

The Shyla Stylez layout, *Making Beautiful Music*, can also be found in the January '07 HUSTLER.

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

I'M A U.S. MARINE ON MY THIRD TOUR OVERSEAS. My first was in the mountains of Afghanistan, and these last two have been in Iraq. For my current deployment and the last one, I have been operating as a scout sniper. My team is usually out quite a bit, and when we get back from an op, we always look forward to checking out some of your mags once we finish up debrief. The HUSTLERs we have are from 2001-02. Could you hook us up with anything new?

—Corporal Andrew Gildersleeve
Somewhere in Iraq

HUSTLER communiqué: Copies of our most recent issues are on the way, guys! Stay safe out there.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

AMERICA'S TOP BANANA
(and we intend to stay that way)

Okay, so you heard the U.S. government fined us $25 million for supporting terrorists. We know that sounds bad, but what you haven't heard is that those were *our* terrorists—guys in the jungles of Colombia fighting left-leaning guerrillas trying to unionize our workers! As you know, unionized workers mean higher wages for us and, just as importantly, higher prices at the supermarket for you.

Fuck those Communists! We're looking out for your interests as well as our own. What's good for Chiquita Banana is good for America. So don't give that multimillion-dollar fine another thought. Just keep on enjoying our ripe, juicy and cheap bananas.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on a corporation that has just been fined $25 million for making deals with terrorists in Colombia, costing countless people their lives. For more info, check out **Globalissues.org**. This political parody may be reproduced, in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Tony Snow

By the time you read this, White House Press Secretary Tony Snow may be dead. Let's hope so.

We knew Snow's cancer returned the second he announced he had an abdominal growth while simultaneously downplaying that it may have been malignant. On March 23, 2007, Snow—who underwent a colon cancer operation in February 2005 and whose mother died from that disease when he was 17—told the White House press corps he'd had a series of examinations, plus blood tests that were negative. Snow advised reporters not to "leap to any cancer conclusions."

Of course, this could mean only one thing: Snow's cancer had returned. When the President's spokesliar states something, as surely as night follows day, the exact opposite is true. Indeed, Snow's growth was cancerous and had metastasized to his liver.

Like his bosses—Bush and, before him, Fox "News"—it's impossible for Snow to tell the truth, either because he's a pathological liar or a clueless half-wit. These mendacious motherfuckers wouldn't know the truth if the Roadrunner dropped it on their head in the form of an anvil.

Snow made a career out of currying favor with, and carrying water for, the powers-that-be as a communications hitman. He was an editorial page writer/editor for undistinguished newspapers, including the Moonies' reactionary rag, *The Washington Times*. In the early '90s, George H.W. Bush hired Snow as his chief speechwriter and deputy assistant for media affairs. After the American people threw Bush Sr. out of office, Snow scurried back to the right-wing press, plying his trade for Fox and Rush Limbaugh, filling in as that radio blowhard's primary guest host.

How often has Snow slam-bammed-and-thank-you-ma'amed the truth? Let us count the ways:

After the 2000 election, Snow claimed that outgoing Clintonites had turned the White House into "a wreck" and that Air Force One "looked as if it had been stripped by a skilled band of thieves—or perhaps wrecked by a trailer park twister." Snow's allegation, based on anonymous sources minus any evidence, was ultimately proven untrue.

After George W. Bush appointed the Fox anchor his mouthpiece in April 2006, Snow's smarmy, prevaricating, partisan ways continued. At his first press briefing, Snow used a racist term—"tar baby"—and it's been downhill ever since. On June 14, 2006, Snow lied that Bush "never has" stated there was a link between Saddam Hussein and the 9/11 attacks, although Bush cited this bogus claim in his March 21, 2003, letter notifying Congressional leaders about the Iraq invasion. On September 13, 2006—regarding opposition to the administration's warrantless wiretapping—Snow sniffed on *Good Morning America* that Democrats opposed "listening in on terrorists."

At a December 6, 2006, press briefing, when NBC's David Gregory merely quoted the Iraq Study Group's report, Snow accused the reporter of trying to frame his question in a "partisan way." Earlier this year, on the fourth anniversary of Bush's Iraq attack, Snow ordered Ed Henry to "Zip it!" after CNN's White House correspondent asked for the administration's "recipe for success."

When Snow announced his cancer operation, he said, "I'll be out for a few weeks." Quoting fellow cancer patient Elizabeth Edwards, he added, "I'm going to embrace life."

In fact, Mr. Snow, we hope you're out permanently and embrace *death*, because as spokesliar for the right-wing and the Bushes (who are responsible for so much death and misery from New Orleans to Baghdad), you simply don't deserve to live. Unlike namby-pamby liberals wishing Snow a speedy recovery, HUSTLER hopes the propagandist's cancer spreads, killing this miserable excuse for a human being, complicit in so many crimes against humanity. (At least Snow's replacement, Dana Perino, is better looking—we prefer to get fucked by somebody who's pretty.)

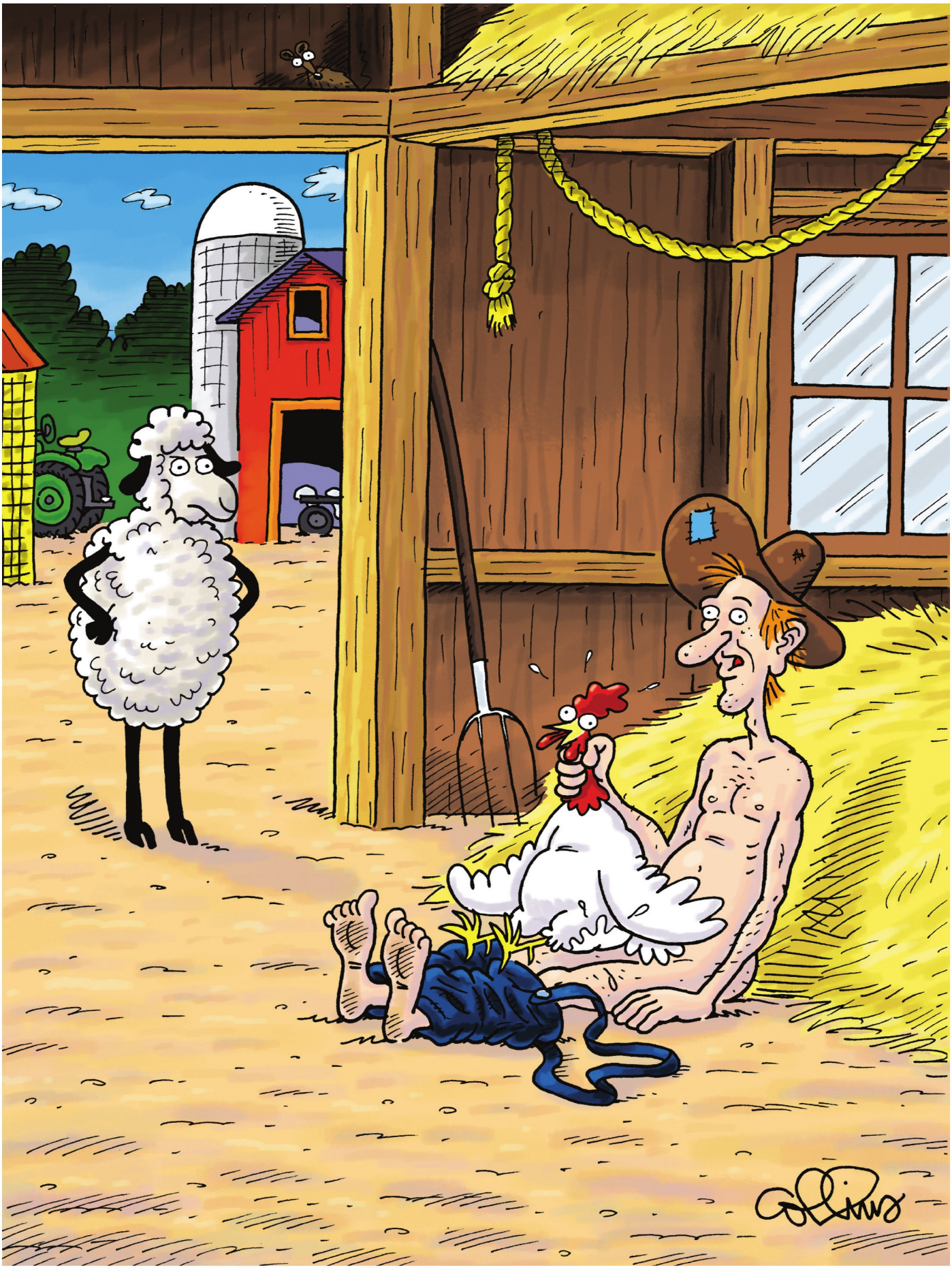
A hack for the pro-Big Business, pro-"Christian" GOP, Snow has helped Republicans deregulate protections for clean air, food and water, as well as thwart stem cell research. The blowback from enabling polluters to degrade the environment is, not surprisingly, more pollution and, consequently, more people getting cancer. In Snow's case, the chickens—and the cancer—have come home to roost.

Adios, Snow-migo, and may you melt in hell's hottest seat!

Farts in the Wind

On August 24, 2005, brain-dead radio host **Mark Williams** claimed that antiwar mom "Cindy Sheehan is on a mission to figuratively urinate on her son's grave and make his death stand for nothing." (Chicken hawk Williams reportedly never served in the military.) On September 26, 2006, he asserted voting Democratic "just hastens the day we disappear in a nuclear holocaust." This bullshitter brought political discourse to new lows on Fox "News" when he compared Democrats pressuring Bush to sign a war-funding bill placing time limits on our military presence in Iraq to "the hostage takers…who killed Daniel Pearl [the *Wall Street Journal* reporter beheaded in Pakistan]. They have got the troops around the neck with a gun to the head saying that the President will pull the trigger." Toxic talker Williams is the strongest argument yet for reinstating equal-time requirements.

NBC's **David Gregory** has a reputation for sparring with Bushies, but during a rap number featuring Dubya attack dog Karl Rove at the Radio and Television Correspondents' annual dinner, Gregory jived like he was one of the guys. His fellow establishment press hacks applauded like the lackeys they are. At a subsequent press conference, Bush joshed with Gregory about the white minstrel show, further defanging the journalist, whose participation in good ol' boy fun symbolizes the cozy relationship between the media and power elites. Such shenanigans give reporters a bad rap.



"Shit, it's my wife!"

Mary Carey

Tower of Tera

We wish we had Jesse's girls.

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

IN THE BIZ

ANOTHER PORN AWARDS SHOW? You bet! This time around it's the XBIZ Awards, which honor companies that provide excellent products and services to the XXX industry. On hand to enjoy all the back-slapping and self-congratulatory chatter at the star-studded affair were Mary Carey, Tera Patrick, Jesse Jane and her Digital Playground pals and HUSTLER Video favorite Mya Luanna.

Hiya, Mya.

"Some things are better than sex, and some are worse, but there's nothing exactly like it." —W.C. FIELDS, COMIC

PORN FROM THE PAST

Thanks and $150 go to C.P. of Rutland, Vermont, for this vintage "all-natural gal." Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Back-to-school Tips #1

Look out for the freshman 15. It's the number of guys your high school sweetheart will screw the first week she's away at college.

NEWS BABES

ALISON STEWART IS A RISING STAR of network news. Not only can the award-winning reporter be seen as a contributor to NBC's *Today* show and *Weekend Today*, but she's also an MSNBC fixture as an anchor and host of her own show, *The Most*. One look and you'll agree that Alison herself is truly "the most." Thanks to T.V. for submitting this breathtaking talking head.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture, if possible) to HUSTLER, "News Babes," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

"I never trust a man unless I've got his pecker in my pocket." —LYNDON B. JOHNSON, U.S. PRESIDENT

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Salma Hayek LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

WHILE WE MAY NOT CARE much for her acting work (although her nude sex scenes in *Desperado* were great), we think Salma Hayek is superhot. Nowadays the Latina lovely spends more time producing that crap show *Ugly Betty* than getting naked on film. Since we're not patient enough to wait around, we took a hands-on approach.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Salma Hayek actually exists, as far as we know. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Our attorneys have approved this statement in order to justify their billable hours.

HUSTLER WILL NOT INTERVIEW THE FOLLOWING CELEBRITIES BECAUSE THEY ARE DEAD.

RICHARD JENI
Not funny anymore. Wait! He was never funny.

BRAD DELP
Boston singer hit a sour note.

MICHAEL BRECKER
Light jazz musician dead. Kenny G questioned.

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Including actor Andy Dick. Check out our exclusive interview with the frantic funnyman, starting on page 100.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Back-to-school Tips #2

Write your name in your underwear in case you lose them. If you don't wear underwear, then write your name on your cock.
HUSTLER
BUCKY BEAVER

SUCH A CARD

UNDER THE CURRENT ADMINISTRATION we know that everyone is getting a raw deal. Now we can at least have a good laugh. The George W. Bush and Weapons of Mass Distraction Trading Cards lampoon 36 of Dubya's key players in hilarious cartoons, with biting commentary by comic-book authority Rich Johnston.

NEWSBITES

Fly the Friendly Skies?

A woman on a red-eye flight from Seattle to Minneapolis got an unwelcome surprise recently. No, it wasn't severe turbulence or the fact that *Road Hogs* was the in-flight movie. It seems a fellow traveler got a little too friendly. The woman told authorities that while she was trying to sleep, the man beside her started to spoon her, lifted her shirt and finally got up to use the lavatory. When he left, she felt a warm and wet fluid on her back that she identified as ejaculate. Once the plane landed, the Lothario (an off-duty airline employee) was arrested and charged with simple assault. Wow, some people really do know how to fly.

A Prickly Fence

Alhough they will probably never end up in *Better Homes & Gardens*, a Thai business has agreed to remodel its penis-shaped fence after several neighbors complained to the police. The Sappaya Spa transformed 18 Hindu Shiva Lingas sculptures that made up the fence into lotus flowers. We can only hope that the spa's vagina-shaped doorbell doesn't rankle anyone.

Doing the Dog

In São Paulo, Brazil, pets' needs have always been taken seriously. Now the city boasts an exclusive Pet Love Motel, which helps create a romantic mood for its four-legged guests. The accommodations offer satin sheets, ceiling mirrors and lots of cushions. We guess at least down in Brazil, every dog does have its day.

It Takes Balls

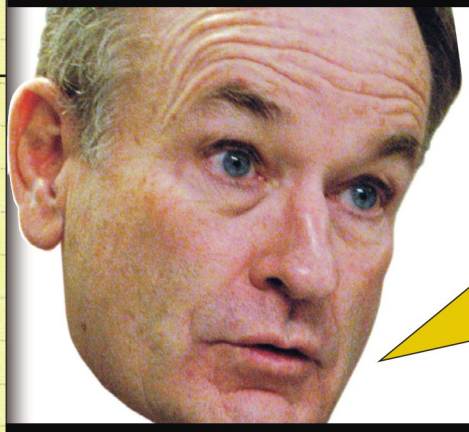
A would-be kidnapper in Kansas got his just deserts recently when he (and two pals) tried to snatch a teenager in a dispute over stereo speakers. During the altercation the assailant shot at the teen (but missed) and then jammed the gun back into his waistband, inadvertently firing a bullet into one of his testicles. The thug was arrested after walking into a medical center. Wow, all this over stereo speakers?! That's fucking nuts! Get it? *Nuts.*

PHOTO BY K.K. LE ROQUE

FUCKING BIRDS!

LEAVE it to one of our idiot writers to push his kid out of the way and almost into the lions pit during a family outing at the zoo. All this just so he could snap a picture of two lorikeets fucking. Amazing what some guys will do for a buck.

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately



Bill O'Reilly discussing the execution of Saddam Hussein while taking a jab at Hollywood.

We the good guys—are you listening, Hollywood?—we, the good guys, have to have a win.

Hey, Bill, you don't have to convince Tinseltown how right we are for killing the scapegoat of an unjust war. It's the people of Iraq you should worry about.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Back-to-school Tips #3

It is tradition to give your teacher an apple on the first day of school. I suggest giving her a banana.

"No matter how charred a woman gets in a house fire, her pussy is still pink on the inside."

"We split up over religious differences—she worshiped money, and I didn't have any." —B.J. COLE, MUSICIAN

REMEMBERING Anna Nicole

FORGOTTEN amid all the controversy and exploitation surrounding the death of Anna Nicole Smith is the fact that she was a real person with real feelings. That's why we wanted to take a moment to remember Anna Nicole as we knew her.

In 2003 the towering bombshell stopped by the HUSTLER studios to be part of a celebrity photo-shoot with legendary lensman Clive McLean. Those who were present that day recall her as a funny and pleasant individual whose mere presence lit up the room. Through the years she remained friends with Larry Flynt.

Godspeed, Anna.

Trash Talk

LOOK OUT, BARBIE! A couple of your low-life cousins are coming to visit. The Trailer Trash Talkin' Dolls—Jerwayne Jr. and knocked-up Trash Talkin' Turleen—are the perfect decoration for your double-wide. Each doll spews several familiar phrases, including "If the trailer's a-rockin', don't come a-knockin'" and "Fifteen of them beers, and yer still ugly." Available at **TrailerTrashDoll.com**.

LEGENDS OF LUST

ADULT-INDUSTRY LUMINARIES recently gathered in Las Vegas for the Legends of Erotica awards. Organized and hosted by porn mainstay Bill Margold, the annual gala recognizes the most outstanding performers in skin-biz history. The latest inductees to the Hall of Fame included Minka, Taylor Wane, Herschel Savage, Ruby, Sean Michaels and Serena.

Nina Hartley does the dirty work.

Minka makes her mark.

Pregnant pause: Ruby glows like a winner.

Taylor Wane signs in.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

BUCKY BEAVER'S Back-to-school Tips #4

It is important to get a fake ID. Just make sure you're the same height, similar-looking and, most importantly, the same sex.
I.D. CARD
BUCKY BEAVER
8484 WILSHIRE BLVD
BEVERLY HILLS, CA. 90211
G501-712-931

"I'm not offended by all the dumb-blonde jokes because I know I'm not dumb. I also know that I'm not blond." —DOLLY PARTON, BLOND COUNTRY SINGER

THE EYES HAVE IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARK LIT

SARAH

I feel like I'm living the American dream!" exclaims this eye-catcher from the picturesque Czech Republic. "Ever since I was a young girl, I dreamed of going to America and becoming a famous model and actress. We had this little black-and-white TV, and I watched whenever I could. I thought that being on TV was so glamorous and perfect for me."

Hoping to make it big on the boob tube didn't discourage Sarah from revealing all her assets soon after arriving in the States for a brief visit. "Posing nude is not so taboo these days," the newbie observes. "Most girls I know pose as a way to get attention. After all, if you have a great body, why not show it off? It might open a few doors, right?"

Could one of those opened doors be hardcore porn? "I don't know," Sarah sighs. "I would prefer to be on a show like *Law & Order*, but I never say never."

When it comes to career moves, Sarah has priorities, but in her personal life, there's just one: sex. "I love American men because they are not shy about telling you what they want in bed," the dreamgirl admits. "They also seem to like doing it a lot more than most guys back home, which is good for me because I need it at least once a day—at least!" Giggling, Sarah also points out, "They also like various positions." With just a little prodding, Sarah divulges her favorite. "I love it doggy-style!" she howls.

"When a man slams me hard from behind," Sarah continues, "I come every time. But I'm not picky. I'll take it any way I can get it."

Is HUSTLER sexy Sarah's gateway to stardom? We'll just have to wait and see.

SARAH'S VITAL FACTS

RESIDENCE: Czech Republic
AGE: 25
BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn
HEIGHT: 5-7
WEIGHT: 100

TITILLATED TRAVELER

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. YOU'RE STRANDED IN an airport, no flights out until the next morning, and you find yourself getting very friendly with complete strangers.

It happened last September in New York City. I was on my way home after a fuckin' waste of a business meeting when I looked up at a monitor, and the Delayed status beside my flight flashed to a red Canceled. Fuck! Eleven-thirty. Next flight out was at 5:30 in the morning—*if* the weather cleared. Finding a hotel room didn't really seem worth the hassle for, what, maybe three hours sleep?

So I headed for the only obvious choice, a barstool at an airport lounge with dark beer on tap and a dollar deal on second shots. Can't say I was in too big a hurry to get home anyway. Then I saw May, and I wasn't in any hurry whatsoever.

She had long, blond hair that fell to the small of her back and stopped right above what had to be the cutest, little, round ass in the world, not to mention a mile-fuckin'-long cleavage. Did I mention that I'm a tit man? I was betting they were 36DDs—I'm pretty good at sizing—with hard, pencil-eraser nipples. I had to swipe a napkin at the drool running down my chin.

The bartender wasn't going to serve her. Panty-waist asshole wanted to go home for the night. But we persuaded him to stay open just a little later—or, rather, May and her big titties did. We ordered four shots apiece and promised to knock 'em off in ten minutes. We did.

By then, May knew more about me than some of my oldest friends did. The important stuff, anyway, like my most intimate, passionate sexual fantasies. And yes, they all involved tits, specifically May's huge jugs smothering my thick cock.

Once the lounge closed, we started looking around for a good spot to spend the night. When we passed a women's lavatory, May suddenly grabbed my arm and dragged me inside.

"Stanley—Stan!" She was slurring a little now and had forgotten my name. "Why don't we see about making that little ol' fantasy of yours come true?"

May was backing her way into the handicapped stall, still tugging on my arm. With every tug, her magnificent mams rippled. Her awesome casabas jiggled. I was mesmerized, totally lost in creamy-smooth tit-flesh and incredible cleavage. I forgot I was married. Sure, that's happened before, but this time I couldn't even have told you my wife-of-15-years' name.

May landed on the throne with a gentle thud, putting her at the absolute perfect height for—glory be—a titty-fuck. Her dress straps fell off her shoulders, followed by black satin bra straps. I negotiated a simple front closure, and I was gazing at pure heaven: full, tanned headlights with just enough sag to let you know they weren't saline.

A long line of spittle drizzled from May's lips into her never-ending cleavage, and suddenly my pants were uncomfortably tight. Pushing them to my knees, I stepped forward into a warm, slick valley. May brought her hands up to the sides of her mounds, and soon they were pressing in on all sides of my schlong. Damn!

When I lunged, her twins smothered my entire fuck-set. Mams massaged my meat *and* my nuts. Every time my rod pushed through that amazing tunnel, she swiped at it with her tongue. Sometimes her tongue dicked right into my piss slit, and all the while I could feel her soft hair tickling my thighs. This beat any fantasy I'd ever beat off to.

I'd like to say I lasted 15 minutes, but five comes closer to the truth. The next time May's lush knockers squeezed my ball sac, I exploded. Streams of hot man seed splattered her tongue, her chin, her boomers and hard, pencil-eraser spigots. Laughing, May licked her lips, then grabbed my pecker and used it to rub all that jism into her heavenly hooters.

End of Round 1. By the time 5:30 in the morning arrived, we had made three more treks to that handicapped stall, and I was totally, blissfully drained. Four titty-fucks in all. It was the perfect May-September romance. —D.B.

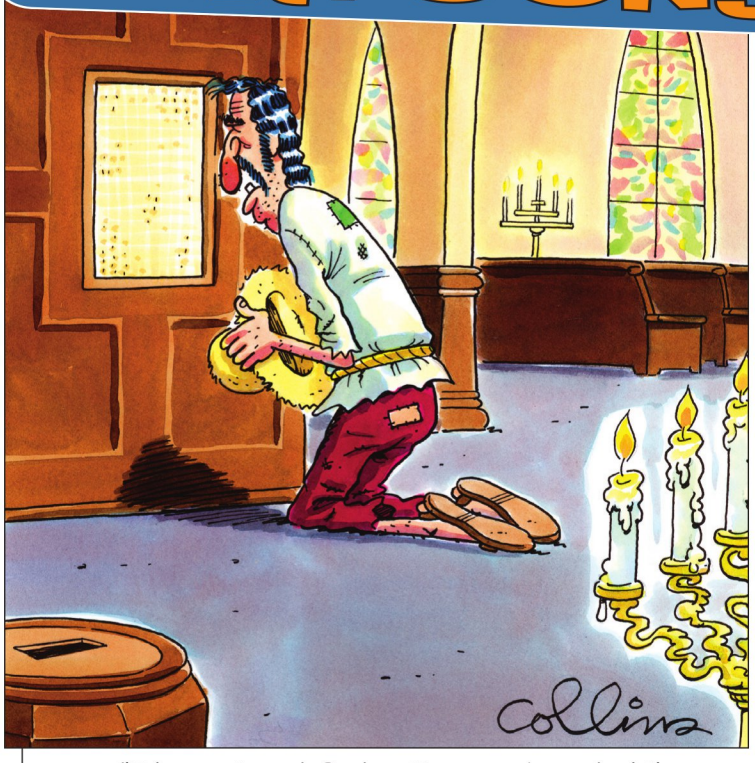
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

"I'm hip to dudes like you. You claim you only want my phone number, but then before you know it, I'm at your place being fucked in the ass!"

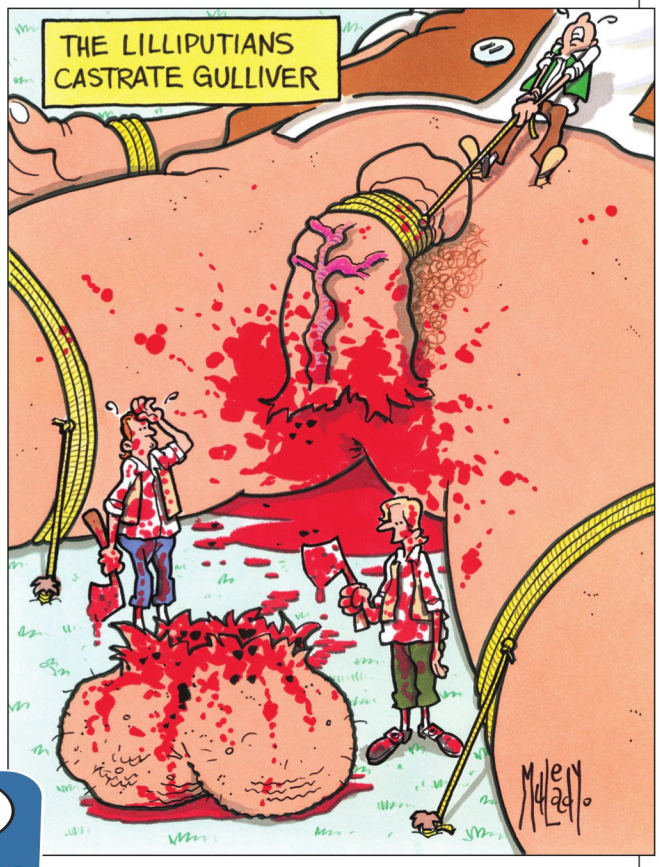
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

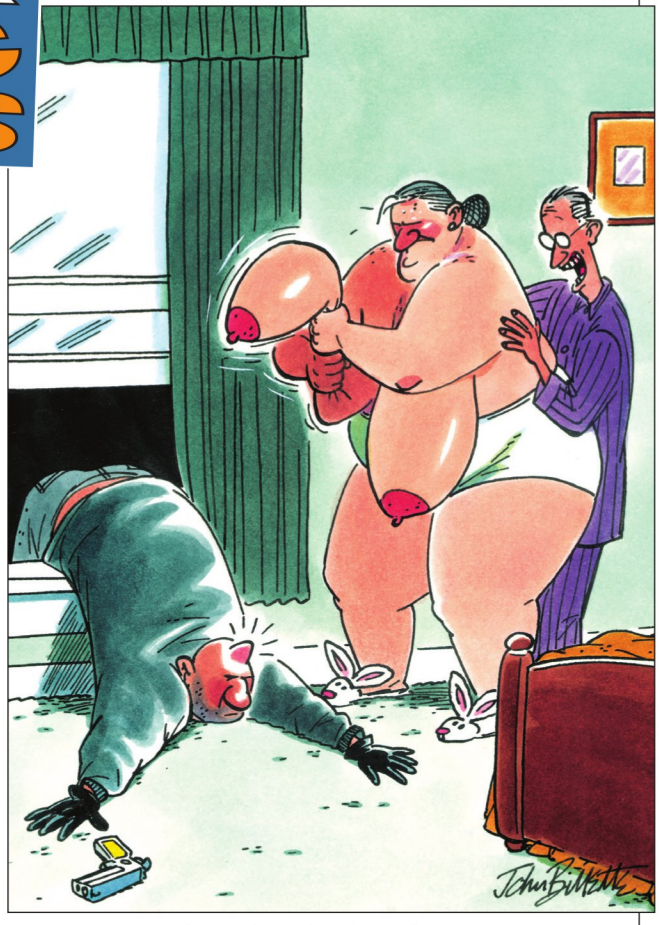
"Friday, meet Saturday Fucking Night!"

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"I have sinned, Padre. I masturbated while my wife was fucking the burro."





"Good work, Emma!"

THE Mystique Of Older Wo

WHAT IS IT ABOUT A CERTAIN KIND OF woman in her 40s that men find so alluring? Perhaps it is the fulsome curves of her body that shout out her gender. Unlike the taut, trim lines of a girl in her late teens or early 20s, which speak to us of childhood and experiences yet to come, the older woman has had those experiences embossed on her breasts, belly and thighs—further defining her as a mature, fully sexual adult who knows and embraces her biology.

In tune with her sexuality, the older woman has attained incredible power. You are not dealing with a young innocent here, but rather someone who has reached goddess stature—the pinnacle of femininity. A younger woman, no matter how beautiful, can never be a goddess.

There's also the woman who seems ageless, the text of time having failed to imprint itself on her face and body. To find her power, her connection to the goddess realm, merely look into her eyes. Although she may seem ten years younger and relatively powerless, her eyes will propel you through space and time. Like her goddess sisters, she can devour you.

For either type of goddess, there's the approaching sunset, written in the advancing lines and folds of her body. Beauty at its peak is also beauty about to fade. Time ultimately works against a woman—each year subtracting from her looks and desirability. The poignancy of such beauty lost to time tugs at us: We want to save her, encase her in a bubble that will allow her charms to survive forever. It is life's cruel trick that at the very summit of a woman's beauty and power, she must watch it inevitably slip away.

Here we showcase four beautiful fortysomethings preserved on film for posterity.

SVETLANA PHOTOS COURTESY JOE ANDERSON

LORI ANN PHOTOS BY RICH HREBIC/SOFTFOCUSONLINE.COM

men

LORI ANN

Svetlana, a native of Russia, immigrated to the United States three years ago after marrying an American who had been working in the United Arab Emirates. Although she now calls the island of Kauai in Hawaii her home, Svetlana's thirst for adventure has motivated her to travel around the world with her like-minded husband; London and San Francisco are two of the couple's favorite destinations. Always looking to try something new, Svetlana once spent a weekend working as a stripper "just to see what it was like." More recently, on a trip to Nevada, she found herself at the Moonlite BunnyRanch during a taping of the HBO show *Cathouse*. After establishing herself as an Internet model, Svetlana finally made her nude debut in a men's magazine as Lana V. in our January '07 *Beaver Hunt* section. Now her dream is to get a full-fledged layout with us. You can see much more at **LanaV.net**.

Lori Ann's first nude exposure in a magazine was as a *Beaver Hunt* contestant named Juliet in our August '06 issue. The real estate agent and exotic dancer (at Heartbreakers in Compton, Illinois) tells us she is a "gear head" who can fix older cars like a '67 Chevelle or '69 Camaro. Although clearly a strong, confident woman with a bit of an edge—she's into Harleys and guns—Lori Ann states emphatically, "I am all-girl." Meaning, we assume, that the lady's a sucker for romance and guys with an edge. Oh, yeah, one last thing: Lori Ann is also a grandmother!

PHOTO COURTESY SIMON WOLF PRODUCTIONS

VICKY VETTE

PHOTO COURTESY DANNI.COM

Vicky Vette is an adult-film star and nude model. Originally from Norway, she got her start in porn at the rare age of 38 after winning the grand prize in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest. Since then, Vicky has been featured in more than 100 hard-core movies, with no end in sight.

TAYLOR WANE

PHOTOS COURTESY TAYLOR WANE

AVN Hall of Famer **Taylor Wane** has made quite a mark on the world of adult entertainment. Not only has the British-born bombshell starred in countless XXX movies since the '90s, but she has also served as a celebrity columnist for *Busty Beauties* and *Adult Video News* magazines. Currently she hosts a provocative online radio show on KSEX.

"I'll tell you what's causing global warming. It's red-hot bitches like her!"

The Lure

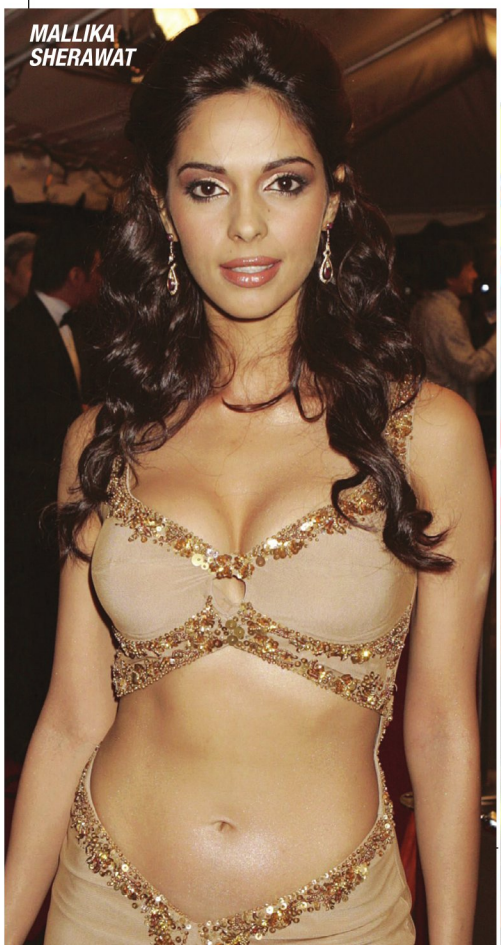
Webster's tells us that *exotic* means "from another part of the world; or something unusual or strange." In essence, it is something outside one's everyday experience. But the lure of the exotic goes much deeper, evoking a sense of mystery, tapping into the fantasy of adventure, danger and conquest. The exotic woman holds the secrets of another culture, with its unknown language and its unfamiliar ways of thinking and acting.

Even the most ardent anti-imperialist would have to admit that there are few things more sexually arousing than encountering a truly exotic beauty. It's no accident the word *exotic* has been used to sell everything from colonialism to striptease. But the exotic also involves perspective. Was Sophia Loren exotic in her native Italy? Is Bollywood bombshell Aishwarya Rai exotic in Bombay? And vice versa, Pamela Anderson is probably a lot more exotic to a Tokyo resident than she is to us. If beauty is in the eye of the beholder, exotic beauty is even more so.

With our planet getting seemingly smaller and our societies increasingly diverse, the once faraway threatens to become familiar. Today's unique, exotic beauties are often a blend of ethnic backgrounds. But as they say, nothing is better for human evolution than constantly refreshing the gene pool.

As long as there are foreign lands and cultural differences—and beautiful women of all colors and creeds—the fascination for the exotic will endure.

Known as the Controversy Queen of Bollywood, 24-year-old Indian temptress **Mallika Sherawat**—whose first name means "Queen" in Hindi—loves to shock her country's chaste culture with revealing outfits and racy film roles. Possessing a degree in philosophy from the University of Delhi, Mallika brings a formidable intellect to her work and has amassed a shower of prizes and international accolades.


MALLIKA SHERAWAT

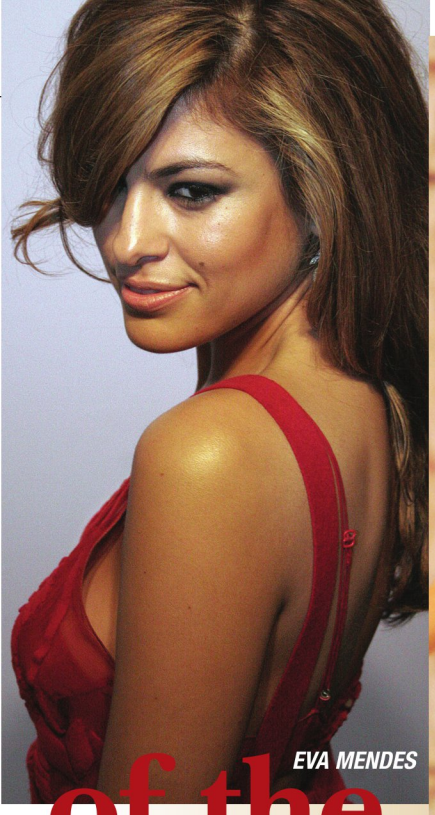
Nicole Scherzinger, the frontlady of burlesque troupe-turned-pop powerhouse the Pussycat Dolls, is enticing a whole new generation that never heard of Eartha Kitt (the original *purr-fect* seductress). This Hawaiian-born, 28-year-old "Queen Doll" gets her bold, bewitching features from a mix of Filipina and Russian backgrounds.

NICOLE SCHERZINGER

Model, unabashed sex symbol and budding journalist/HUSTLER contributor **Sun Karma**'s mesmerizing looks are a blend of Asian, Indian, Spanish, Native American and Caribbean ethnicities. A playful postmodernist, Sun likes to accentuate her exotic charm by slipping into a variety of ethnic personas.

SUN KARMA

BY MARK JOHNSON


EVA MENDES

FAWZIYA MOHAMMED

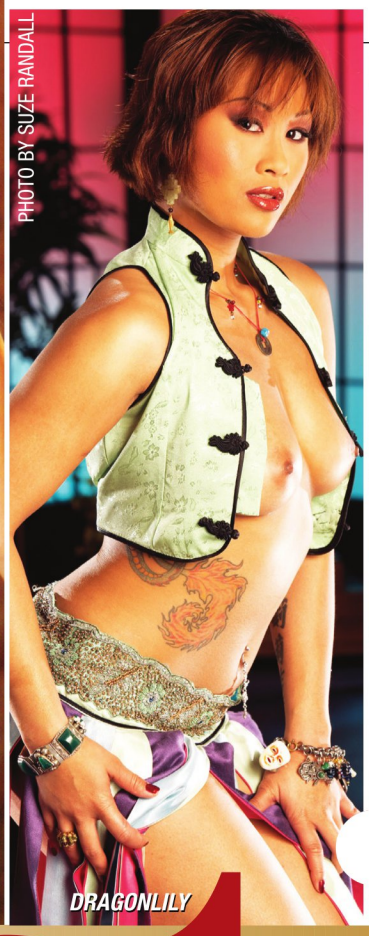


PHOTO BY SUZE RANDALL

DRAGONLILY

KATSUMI

of the Exotic

Actress **Eva Mendes** may not be as ubiquitous lately as the likes of Salma Hayek and Spanish señorita Penélope Cruz, but bodacious Eva's voluptuous Cuban radiance will never allow her to be overlooked. Rent *Once Upon a Time in Mexico* if you don't believe us.

Miss Egypt 2006, **Fawziya Mohammed** is a deserving successor to gorgeous Meriam George and just one of several Middle East stunners competing for the Miss Universe crown. By the way, the first Miss Arab World pageant was held in Sharm El Sheikh, Egypt. For more pics of these beautiful creatures, go to ArabSexyWomen.com.

Web model and porn star **DragonLily** grew up in Hawaii and moved to Las Vegas on the cusp of the new millennium. She describes her unique looks as a blend of Chinese, Japanese, Filipina, Chamorro and Spanish ancestry. DragonLily can be seen in several HUSTLER video productions and is a popular choice for fetish and dominatrix roles due to her powerful, sophisticated presence.

In just the past few years, French-Vietnamese porn star and Digital Playground contract girl **Katsumi** has won multiple adult-industry awards and become a minor legend, attesting to her striking beauty and impressive anal talents. Katsumi's feline allure resonates in her stage name, a French-English pun on "submissive cat."

The best of both worlds: Persian **Shahrivar Shermine**, Miss Europe 2005, is a multiculturalist's dreamgirl. Born in Iran to an Iranian father and German mother, she now lives in Germany, speaks four languages and holds a sociology degree.

SHAHRIVAR SHERMINE

KIM KARDASHIAN

Kim Kardashian, the daughter of O.J. Simpson's former attorney Robert Kardashian, gets her sultry looks from her family's Armenian heritage. After palling around with Paris Hilton, the 26-year-old socialite drew extra media glare when a homemade sex tape—complete with watersports—surfaced in 2007.

Named "Most Alluring Canadian" by *FASHION Magazine* in 2004, Somali-born **Yasmin Warsame** has since become an international haute couture supermodel. Before her jet-setting days, Warsame was a volunteer for Canada's Somali Youth Coalition and still supports the organization.

YASMIN WARSAME

Arab pop sensation **Amal Hijazi**, raised in a strict Islamic family, has been attacked by Muslim critics for everything from cutting her hair too short to promoting homosexuality. She also courts rivalry with other Arab stars, claiming they rely more on looks than talent. But look who's talking.

AMAL HIJAZI

Spicy Chilean import **Rebeca Linares** has quickly become the go-to gonzo girl in the porn industry's fast-growing Latina niche. The hardworking 23-year-old has racked up almost 100 hard-core offerings in the past two years alone. *Muy caliente!*

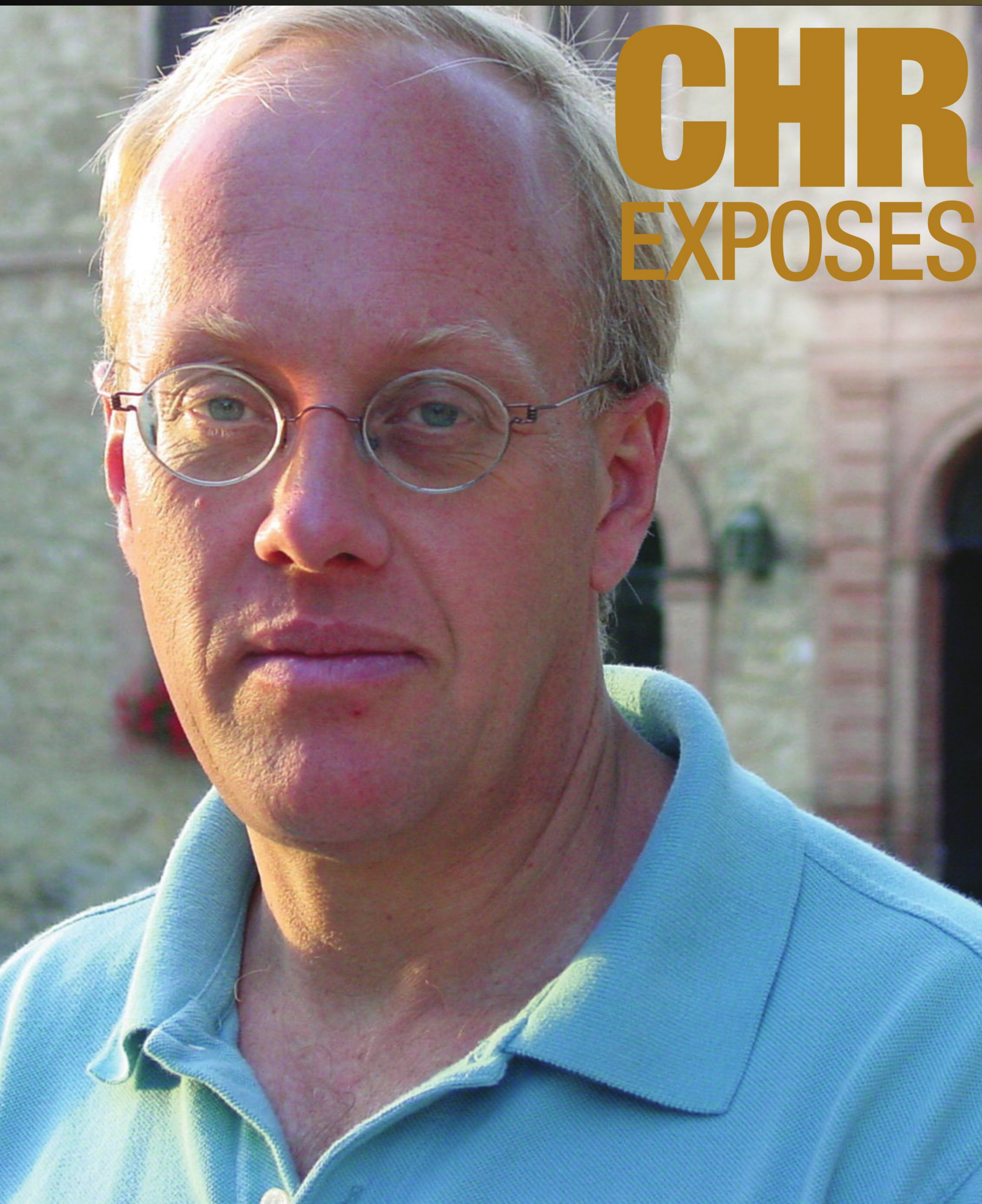
REBECA LINARES

MATHANGI ARULPRAGASAM

Sri Lankan doll **Mathangi Arulpragasam, a/k/a M.I.A.**, burst onto the music scene in 2005 with an infectious blend of hip-hop and world-music styles. Praised for her spark of originality, M.I.A. has gained extra cred because her father is a member of the Tamil Tigers, which is fighting a guerrilla war against the Sri Lankan government.

Supermodel **Iman** was born the daughter of a Somali ambassador to Saudi Arabia. Currently a U.S. citizen and married to music legend David Bowie, the striking beauty is fluent in five languages and, despite her busy acting and modeling schedule, devotes time to humanitarian work.

IMAN



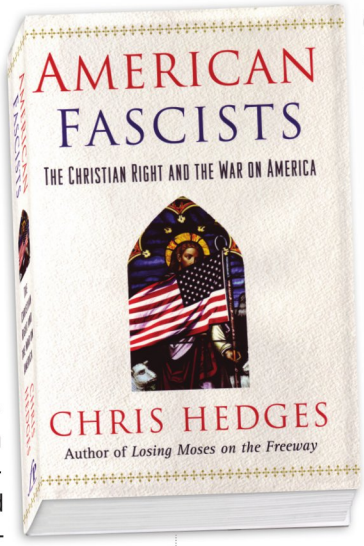
CHR EXPOSES

IS HEDGES AMERICAN FASCISM

A former divinity student and Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist warns that the USA might well be on the path to theocratic rule.

INTERVIEW BY ERIC ALTHOFF

CHRIS HEDGES knows something of the divine. Raised in Upstate New York, he was as close to God as a boy could be. His father was a Presbyterian minister who was active in the Civil Rights movement, beat the anti-Vietnam War drum and instilled in his son a desire to abide by Christian principles. The younger Hedges was himself once on the path toward ordination at Harvard Divinity School when he heeded another calling. As the Middle East bureau chief for the *New York Times*, Hedges not only ventured to various hostile regions, but also was part of the newspaper's team that won a 2002 Pulitzer Prize for its coverage of global terrorism.



Hedges's views on what it means to be Christ-like haven't always been welcomed. While delivering an anti-Iraq War commencement address at Illinois's Rockford College in May 2003, he was booed offstage and escorted out by campus security. Issued an official reprimand by the *Times* for his outspokenness, Hedges struck out on his own, traveling America to expose religious tyranny and hypocrisy.

In his latest book, *American Fascists: The Christian Right and the War on America*, Hedges warns that religious "dominionists" and the Bush Administration may be steering the country toward a repressive theocracy.

HUSTLER: Dominionism, as you explain in your book, seems to run directly counter to our Constitution's separation of Church and State.

CHRIS HEDGES: Dominionism is a disastrous mutation within American evangelicalism and fundamentalism. [Dominionists] believe they have a God-given right to essentially rule the country, create a Christian nation and, ultimately, a Christian empire. That's deeply attractive to many people who are disempowered and want to become empowered.

Can you specify how this movement is tied into our government?

In 2006 you had 186 members of the House of Representatives and 45 senators getting between 80 and 100% approval in the polling done by the three most influential Christian Right advocacy groups—the Christian Coalition, Eagle Forum and Family Resource Council. This means [these politicians] voted with the Christian Right 80 to 100% of the time. [See "And Ye Shall Multiply!"]

One of the things this movement has done quite effectively is control the chaplaincies within the military, to indoctrinate the military [into believing] their loyalty is not to the democratic state, but to the Christian state as they define it. And you have groups like Christian Embassy putting out promotional videos with senior uniformed Pentagon officials talking about the importance of proselytizing to the military. [See "Fire and Brimstone" on page 42.]

How does this movement motivate its followers?

Movements like the Radical Christian Right or any totalitarian or fascist movement embrace a nonreality belief system: They believe in magic, angels, that Jesus has a plan for them and that God intervenes to direct their life and provide material comfort. Once you embrace that nonreality-based belief system, you're essentially shut off from the rational world, and you're extremely hard to reach.

"And Ye Shall Multiply!"

In 1999 the *Washington Post* reported that a poll conducted by the liberal Center for Gender Equality showed 46% of respondents believed politicians should be guided by religious values, up from 32% in 1993. John Green, a University of Akron professor, stated that in the 1996 Presidential race the Religious Right helped derail the campaigns of several moderate GOP candidates, including Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania and then-California Governor Pete Wilson. A 2004 issue of *Grist* magazine reported that the Christian Right made up about 30% of the electorate who supported Bush in 2000, casting 15 million votes. This marked a dramatic shift from the 1996 and 1992 elections, when Republican candidates kept religious conservatives at a distance. ■

PHOTO BY KIM HEDGES

In a totalitarian society, that ability to cut the masses off from the real world makes it possible to engage in activities which ultimately are deeply self-destructive. What we're doing in Iraq is essentially a form of collective suicide. There were many people in the State Department, many people in the intelligence community, certainly people like myself who spent seven years in the Middle East [and] speak Arabic, who never thought the Iraqis were going to greet us as liberators. But when you believe you have been anointed by God to carry out his will, you become deaf to any kind of criticism. And that has infected the Bush Administration as well as those within the Religious Right, who see this as a kind of crusade against the satanic religion of Islam.

Four years ago you were booed offstage during your antiwar commencement address at Rockford College. How do you feel now that history has vindicated you?

Many Americans were complicitous with the Bush Administration—they got off on this war. We saw this on the cable news channels, where these retired military [personnel] would revel in the power and might of our weaponry. When I gave this commencement address at Rockford College—it was shortly after President Bush had landed on the aircraft carrier—I got up and said things like "This is a war of liberation, but it is a war of liberation by Iraqis against American occupation." This elicited boos and jeering and people shouting at me. They cut my microphone twice, and guys tried to climb up on the stage and push me off. I was essentially challenging that emotional high that had gripped much of the country.

It's a mistake to think that people who voiced that kind of criticism are ever vindicated. There's a kind of mass amnesia where people just remember that you're a troublemaker and don't actually remember what you say.

In your book you said that since the Cold War ended, the focus has shifted from a war against socialism as the "great evil" to what you call "secular humanism."

A few decades ago [dominionists] were told that Communists were behind every organization that attempted to fight for social justice or change, whether it was the Civil Rights movement or the antiwar movement or liberal groups, such as the ACLU. Now they've had to reconfigure that battle so the seat of Satan is no longer in the Kremlin, but possessed by individuals and institutions promoting what these people say is a rival religion called secular humanism. It's not important who is fingered as Satan's agent as long as they can keep alive wild conspiracy theories and paranoias stoked by an array of duplicitous phantom enemies.

Do you feel the Iraq War may be the Christian Right's attempt to create Armageddon?

The Christian Right has welcomed the conflict in the Middle East as they have welcomed the deteriorating conditions between Israelis and Palestinians as evidence of the End Times and the coming Rapture—which, I want to mention, is not in the Bible. This movement has made [it] possible for an administration [to] further a foreign policy which essentially views everyone outside America as worthy only of conversion or subjugation. It's that kind of mind-set that essentially infected the Bush Administration planners of the war in Iraq, made them deaf to cultural, historical and political realities in the Middle East, not to mention what it would take to actually carry out a military occupation. When you don't believe the contingences of reality matter and that you are blessed with superior [military] and moral power, then you stumble into misadventures such as the one we're in now.

You stated that as long as there is an apocalyptic component to Christianity, it will be difficult to take power away from Islamicists, who claim Christians call for their annihilation.

There are passages in the Hebrew and Greek scriptures that are very hateful, calling for the annihilation of those outside the faith. I think it's incumbent upon the liberal Church to denounce these passages as not consistent with Christian teaching.

Your forecasts of what could happen in an American fascist state sound frighteningly similar to Nazi Germany, the Taliban, etc.

People think the world around them has a kind of permanence and durability. They have an emotional inability to see how fragile it is and how rapidly it can break down and be taken over by demagogues. By the time they wake up to the change, it's already too late.

You would sit around in cafés in Sarajevo on the eve of the war, and everyone would talk about how war was impossible. I would come back to the capital in Pristina and visit friends and say, "I just got stopped by armed members of the Kosovo Liberation Army ten kilometers outside of Pristina."

And they would argue, "Oh, no, the Kosovo Liberation Army doesn't exist." It was only when Kosovar Albanians were physically being herded out of their apartments by Serbian forces down to the railroad station and put on train cars and shipped like cattle to Macedonia that they realized what was happening.

Can it happen here? It's already happening. There has been an assault against civil liberties, an assault against individual rights that many people spent a long time putting in place [such as] the ability to declare an American citizen a foreign enemy combatant and throw him into a jail cell for three years without access to a lawyer and trial.

In *American Fascists* you say this country's middle class is losing jobs, leading to a culture of despair—a prime picking ground for evangelicals.

This is a movement, like all totalitarian movements, built off of despair: personal and economic. The two epicenters come from former manufacturing states where people have lost their jobs as well as [places] like [California's] Orange County, where people live in these palladium-windowed monstrosities and drive into L.A., where they spend every day wondering if their job's going to be outsourced to India. They're lonely, frightened, and they reach out to these megachurches to find community that we, effectively as a country, have destroyed.

When [people] are afraid or insecure, they turn to right-wing rapacious elements within their own society who promise law and order. Much is in place through the USA PATRIOT Act and essentially illegal activities carried out by the Bush Administration vis-à-vis domestic spying, wiretapping and eavesdropping. There's enough in place that in a moment of crisis, our society could change [drastically].

Fire and Brimstone

A July 2005 *New York Times* article revealed that from 1994 to 2005, the numbers of chaplains from evangelical and Pentecostal churches rose significantly in the Air Force, with the number from the Full Gospel Fellowship of Churches and Ministries International increasing from zero to ten and those from The Church of the Nazarene from six to 12. Meanwhile, during the same period, there were declines in chaplains from more liberal Protestant denominations: from 11 to 3 from the United Church of Christ and from 64 to 50 from the United Methodist Church. The *Times* article also mentioned Lieutenant Gordon James Klingenschmitt, a Navy chaplain from the Evangelical Episcopal Church, who preached at a Catholic sailor's funeral that "God's wrath remains upon" those who do not accept Jesus. ■

How does a company like Wal-Mart figure in the equation?

One of the definitions of fascism is corporatism—the creation of the corporate state. Companies like Wal-Mart, Sam's Club, they love the Christian Right. They bring in evangelical chaplains to proselytize their workforce, because once you believe Jesus is going to promote you and make you wealthy, you don't need health insurance, labor unions [or] the protection of regulatory agencies. [This] unholy alliance has allowed the building of an unchecked and rapacious oligarchy where the top 1% of the population controls more wealth than the bottom 90% combined.

When you disenfranchise tens of millions of workers—as we have done with our working class—and when they're working for $16 an hour without health insurance, and their schools are no good, and their communities are crumbling, you propel these people into such a state of despair that they eventually walk away from the real world itself. The democratic state is made possible by the stability of a working middle class. When that's removed, it becomes very difficult for democratic states to survive.

You claim the Christian Right and Islamicists have more in common with each other than they'd like to admit.

The Christian Right needs Islamic fundamentalists to strike terror in the hearts of American Christians just like Islamic fundamentalists need people like Jerry Falwell or Pat Robertson to mobilize their own base. What these essentially apocalyptic movements are doing is destroying the centers of their own societies, and you're left with these two extremes that play off of each other in order to perpetuate the kind of fear, paranoia and terror that drive despotic movements forward.

As a former divinity student, are you appalled by American Christianity?

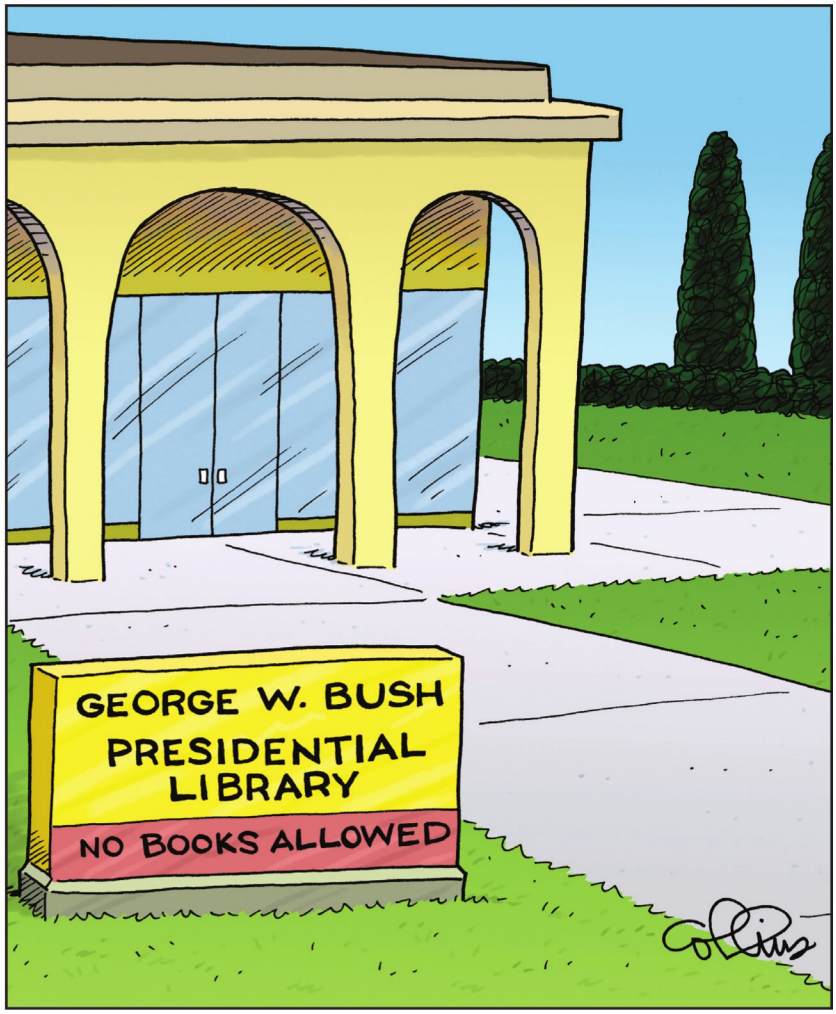
I'm appalled by the Christian Right, but I don't consider them a religious movement. They talk about acculturating America with Christianity. Of course, it's the inverse: They have acculturated the Christian religion with the worst elements of American imperialism and capitalism.

Those of us who are biblically literate understand how grossly they have perverted the Bible in order to promote this message of hate, bigotry and intolerance. I grew up [knowing] what it is to be a Christian, and it doesn't mean to fly around in Learjets and amass hundreds of millions of dollars and talk about executing homosexuals.

In many ways, my book is an assault against a movement that I think is heretical and that has distorted and misused the Christian faith in a route to seize political power.

Before American Fascists, Chris Hedges penned War Is a Force That Gives Us Meaning. He also wrote the introduction to Camilo Mejía's book Road From ar Ramadi. Mejía is a former Army sergeant court-martialed for refusing to return to combat in Iraq. (See Hell No, They Won't Go!, HUSTLER July '07.)

NSA PHONE SURVEILLANCE UNIT
SIR, I'VE GOT LARRY FLYNT ACCUSING THE PRESIDENT OF HORRENDOUS CRIMES!
FORGET IT. EVERYBODY IS... AND IT'S ALL TRUE.
J. Bilstein



LANNY BARBY
M

AKING A SPLASH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

We've always wondered why **Lanny Barby**, one of the most gorgeous women in adult entertainment, didn't pursue a career as a mainstream actress. "I'm a really sensual person," the curvy Canadian proudly proclaims. "This is the perfect job. I started in porn about five seconds after my 18th birthday. While I was modeling in Quebec, I knew a girl who was stripping, and she introduced me to the right people. I credit photographer Suze Randall for making me a star."

Our boundless curiosity leads us to how lovely **Lanny** spends her precious leisure time. "Oh, boy, is masturbation considered a hobby?" she chuckles. "I don't know why, but even after a hot day on a movie set, I still find myself doing it. I love to fill up the tub for a hot bubble bath and then work my fingers into my pussy and go to town."

Not one to be cooped up for long, **Lanny** also enjoys going to the beach and traveling. Her favorite destination? "I love Spain," the busty brunette chirps.

As for lovers, **Lanny** is selective and salacious. "I like a guy with a lot of character," she stresses. "Strong men turn me on. I really don't like soft men. I also have a no-holes-barred policy." No holes?! "Yep!" the hottie exclaims. "I'm even into anal if the guy has the right-sized cock. It just shouldn't be a monster."

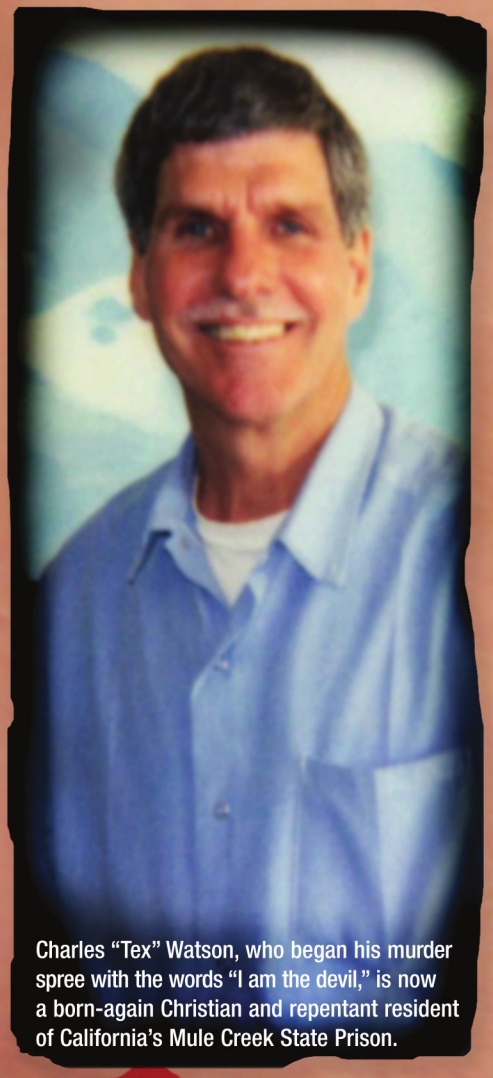
LANNY'S VITAL FACTS

RESIDENCE: Quebec, Canada
AGE: 26
BIRTH SIGN: Virgo
HEIGHT: 5-5
WEIGHT: 115 pounds
MEASUREMENTS: 36C-25-35

It appears **Lanny** plans to stick around for a while. “I’m starting my own company, Lanny Barby Productions,” she tells us, “and I hope to make more films.” After that? “Maybe buy a house and get lazy. The future is not that important, since we have no control over it. I live every day to the fullest with no regrets.”

We see bright things in the sexy lady’s future. In fact, we think **Lanny Barby** is the next Jenna Jameson.

I KILLED SHARON TATE!



Charles "Tex" Watson, who began his murder spree with the words "I am the devil," is now a born-again Christian and repentant resident of California's Mule Creek State Prison.

CHARLES "TEX" WATSON OF THE MANSON FAMILY CONFESSES TO CRIME REPORTER JAMIE SCHRAM.

FOR NEARLY FOUR decades most people have believed that wild-eyed Charles Manson is a mass murderer. But the former cult leader never physically killed anyone in what became known around the world as the "Manson Murders." It was Charles "Tex" Watson and several "Manson girls" who went on a two-night killing spree that made international headlines.

Getting to interview Watson took several years of correspondence. Back in 2002, Tex immediately replied to this journalist's first letter, using stationery that proudly proclaimed: "Jesus Christ Is Lord Over All." During his 38 years in prison, Watson became a born-again Christian, but refused to speak publicly about the rampage—that is, until he finally agreed to make a startling jailhouse confession at Mule Creek State Prison in Ione, California.

Our tête-à-tête about the slayings of movie star Sharon Tate and others took place three days after Tex's 59th birthday. During the interview, this crime-beat reporter sat face-to-face with the convicted killer at a small table inside a large, crowded visiting room. Watson was so close that the garlic on his breath from his breakfast—eggs sprin-

First kill: "I shot Steven Parent in the car."

PHOTO: BETTMAN/CORBIS

Manson girls Susan Atkins (left), Patricia Krenwinkel and Leslie Van Houten laugh after receiving death sentences for their roles in the gruesome Tate and LaBianca murders.

"I looked over, and Krenwinkel was stabbing Abigail Folger in front of the house."

kled with garlic powder—could be sniffed.

Tex wore standard, prison-issued, blue-denim clothes, which hung like a curtain on his long, lanky body. At first, Watson was hesitant to talk about the blood-soaked butchery, but after much prodding, he finally broke down in tears and confessed his sins. In a startling revelation, Watson admitted to killing Tate, whose murder had always been attributed to Manson follower Susan Atkins.

On August 9, 1969, Tex, Atkins and Patricia Krenwinkel broke into the Beverly Hills residence of beautiful, honey-blond Sharon Tate and her husband, Roman Polanski. The renowned Polish filmmaker was overseas at the time, while a pregnant Tate was home with friends Jay Sebring, Wojciech Frykowski and Abigail Folger, heiress to the Folgers coffee fortune. The next night, Watson—assisted by Atkins, Krenwinkel and a third Manson girl, Leslie Van Houten—massacred supermarket magnate Leno LaBianca and his wife, Rosemary, in their Los Angeles home.

Watson's exclusive account of the Manson Murders begins on the day of the first attack at the cult members' hangout, Spahn Ranch, in the remote mountains near Chatsworth, California. Manson targeted the Tate residence in L.A.'s Benedict Canyon because it was once the home of famous record producer Terry Melcher, the son of actress Doris Day. Melcher had met Manson, a struggling songwriter, through Beach Boys drummer Dennis Wilson. Unimpressed, Melcher was unwilling to offer Manson a record deal, prompting the spurned musician to seek revenge. Although Manson already knew that Melcher no longer lived there, he selected the same house because it represented the showbiz community that had rejected him.

According to Tex: "Manson walked me up to the ranch and gave me the play-by-play of what he wanted me to do. I got in the car with the Manson girls. I was driving. Manson said to leave something witchy on the walls. Before we left, Susan and I had sniffed methamphetamine from a Gerber's baby bottle.

"We took off from Spahn Ranch. That was a real hard drive with a lot of indecision in our minds. Finally, we found the house. We parked the car at the bottom of the hill.

"I cut the phone wires. We jumped over the fence. Car lights came on in front of us. And I shot Steven Parent [a friend of the caretaker] in the car. I felt like a tape was going in my mind as to what Manson said to do. The tape was saying, 'Kill everybody in the house.' We go into the house. Frykowski approached and asked me who I was. I said, 'I am the devil, and I'm here to do the devil's work.' He panicked. We kept him at bay, sat him on the couch for a little while until Susan and [Krenwinkel] brought everybody into the living room.

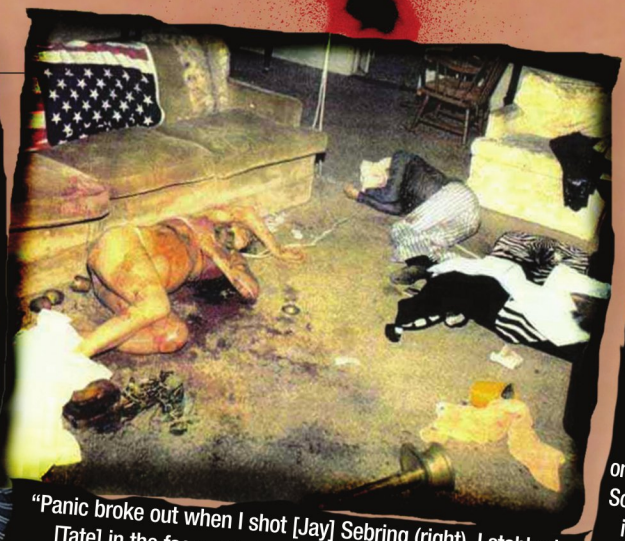
"Then panic broke out when I shot Jay Sebring. Frykowski ran outside with one of the girls chasing him. I helped chase him down and stab him. I looked over, and Krenwinkel was stabbing Abigail Folger in front of the house. Her and I both killed Abigail Folger.

L.A. Coroner photos of Sharon Tate.

PHOTO: HULTON-DEUTSCH COLLECTION/CORBIS

January 20, 1968: Actress Sharon Tate on the day of her wedding to director Roman Polanski in London. Polanski was working on a film in Europe when Tate was murdered.

"I heard a commotion in the bedroom. The girls were fighting with Rosemary [LaBianca], and I helped kill her."



"Panic broke out when I shot [Jay] Sebring (right). I stabbed [Tate] in the face and chest area. That was the worst."

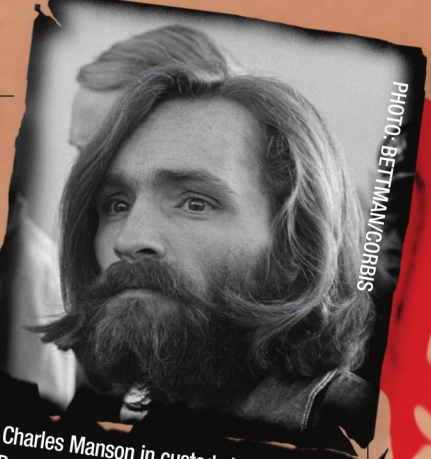


PHOTO: BETTMAN/CORBIS

Charles Manson in custody in California on December 3, 1969, for a preliminary hearing on charges of arson and receiving stolen goods. Soon after, he and a handful of followers were indicted for the Tate and LaBianca killings.

"I went back into the house. [Atkins] was holding Sharon Tate down, and I killed Sharon Tate. Susan Atkins did not kill Sharon Tate. I stabbed [Tate] in the face and chest area. That was the worst. She said, 'Let me have my baby.'

"Then we left and went to the car. We drove down the street and washed the blood off our bodies with a hose outside a garden house. We changed our clothes, and the guy who owned the garden house chased us away. As we were driving home to Spahn Ranch, we threw out the pistol and the knives.

"Manson wanted to know what happened. He asked us if we had any remorse, and we told him we hadn't, when we really did. He said it was too messy. He went back to the crime scene that night. I think he hung Sharon Tate." (Watson's version of events is not corroborated by documents found in the official police files.)

The following night, Manson, Watson, Atkins, Krenwinkel and Van Houten loaded into a car and started driving around, looking for a house to invade. They stopped in front of a dwelling where they had once attended an LSD party. For no apparent reason, Watson and Manson decided to break into the LaBianca house next door.

Watson recalled: "We tied up Leno and Rosemary LaBianca. Manson left and sent the girls back in the house. I asked the girls, 'What did he say to do?' The girls said to kill them. I went over and killed Leno LaBianca on the couch. I stabbed him.

"I heard a commotion in the bedroom. The girls were fighting with Rosemary, and I helped kill her. We stole a roll of coins. We changed into their clothes and threw out our bloody clothes. We ate something out of the refrigerator.

"I got back to the ranch and went off by myself to a creek bed. I couldn't believe what I had done for the last 24 hours. I was just emotionally drained. I began to formulate in my mind to never do what I did again.

"Both murders were very haunting. I'm very sorry for what I did. It's really like talking about another person."

The savage executions were in stark contrast to Watson's all-American childhood. Born in Dallas (ironically, Tate's birthplace as well) and raised in the small North Texas town of Copeville, he was on the honor roll in high school and was a varsity letterman in football, basketball and track.

Although his true passion was restoring cars, Watson's strict, churchgoing parents hounded him to go to college. It was while attending North Texas University that Watson started to spiral out of control. He spent his time partying and rebelling against his parents out of spite.

In search of his own identity, Watson quit school and headed to Los Angeles, where he smoked marijuana and opened up a wig shop. Then one day in August 1967, a chance meeting changed his life forever.

"I was driving from Hollywood down Sunset to my beach house," Watson recalled, "and I picked up Dennis Wilson, who was hitchhiking.

"He had wrecked both of his cars: a Rolls-Royce and a Ferrari. He asked me to take him home. He told me who he was. I was just completely blown, having the drummer of the Beach Boys in my car."

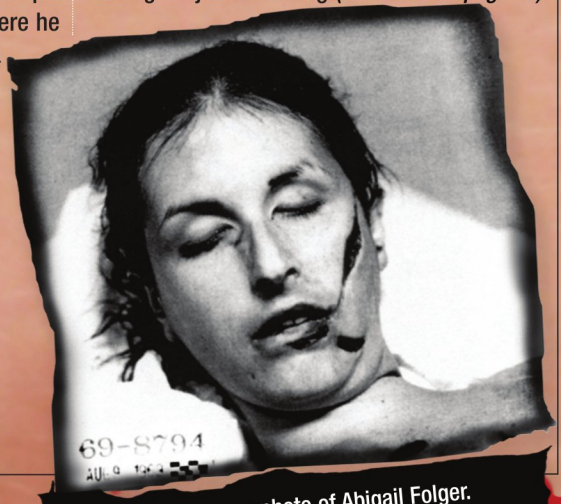
Wilson, who was renting a part of the Will Rogers estate, asked Watson to come in for a cup of coffee. That's where Watson first met Manson and some of his girls.

"Manson seemed like he was very aware," Tex continued. "He was actually playing the guitar and smoking hashish from a big-ounce chunk on the table. It was Lebanese hash.

"Manson was what you would picture as a guru—someone that seemed to be very wise and aware of what I needed to be aware of. I was just ripe to discover the identity that I had been lacking all these years."

So Watson gave up his wig business and worked his way into the "Manson Tribe" by taking a job restoring *(continued on page 57)*

L.A. Coroner photo of Jay Sebring.



L.A. Coroner photo of Abigail Folger.

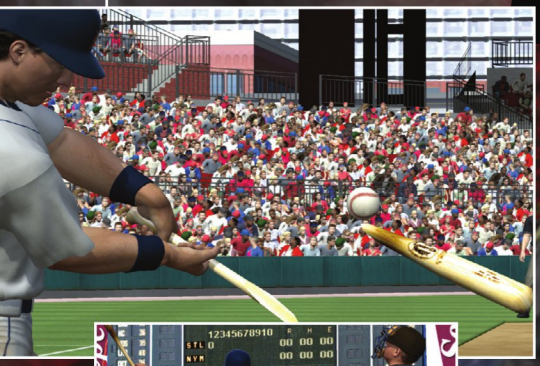
GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

WARLORD

God of War II
Manufacturer: Sony
Format: PS2

Released in 2005, the original *GOW* was the best-selling video game of that year. In this highly anticipated sequel, you are once again Kratos, the ex-Spartan warrior-turned-God of War ready to embark on epic, mythological battles. This time you're armed with all-new brutal combat moves and magic that let you change the fate of mortals and deities alike. The action is awesome and packed with more of the blood, gore and battle speed *GOW* fans have come to love. Are you able to end your torment by traveling to the farthest corners of Earth and battling untold horrors? Of course you are. You're a god!



THE CRACK OF THE BAT

MLB '07: The Show
Manufacturer: Sony
Format: PS3, PS2, PSP

As another season heats up, *MLB '07: The Show* provides the most authentic Major League Baseball simulation on the market. This officially licensed offering introduces several notable features, including: "Road to the Show," letting you play both offense and defense from individual players' perspectives; "New Pitch Command System," which delivers unsurpassed strategy for hurlers; and "Online League Play," which lets you set up customized leagues with up to 30 teams. Now you can be at the ballpark without leaving your house...or having to pay ten bucks for a beer.

EAT MY DUST

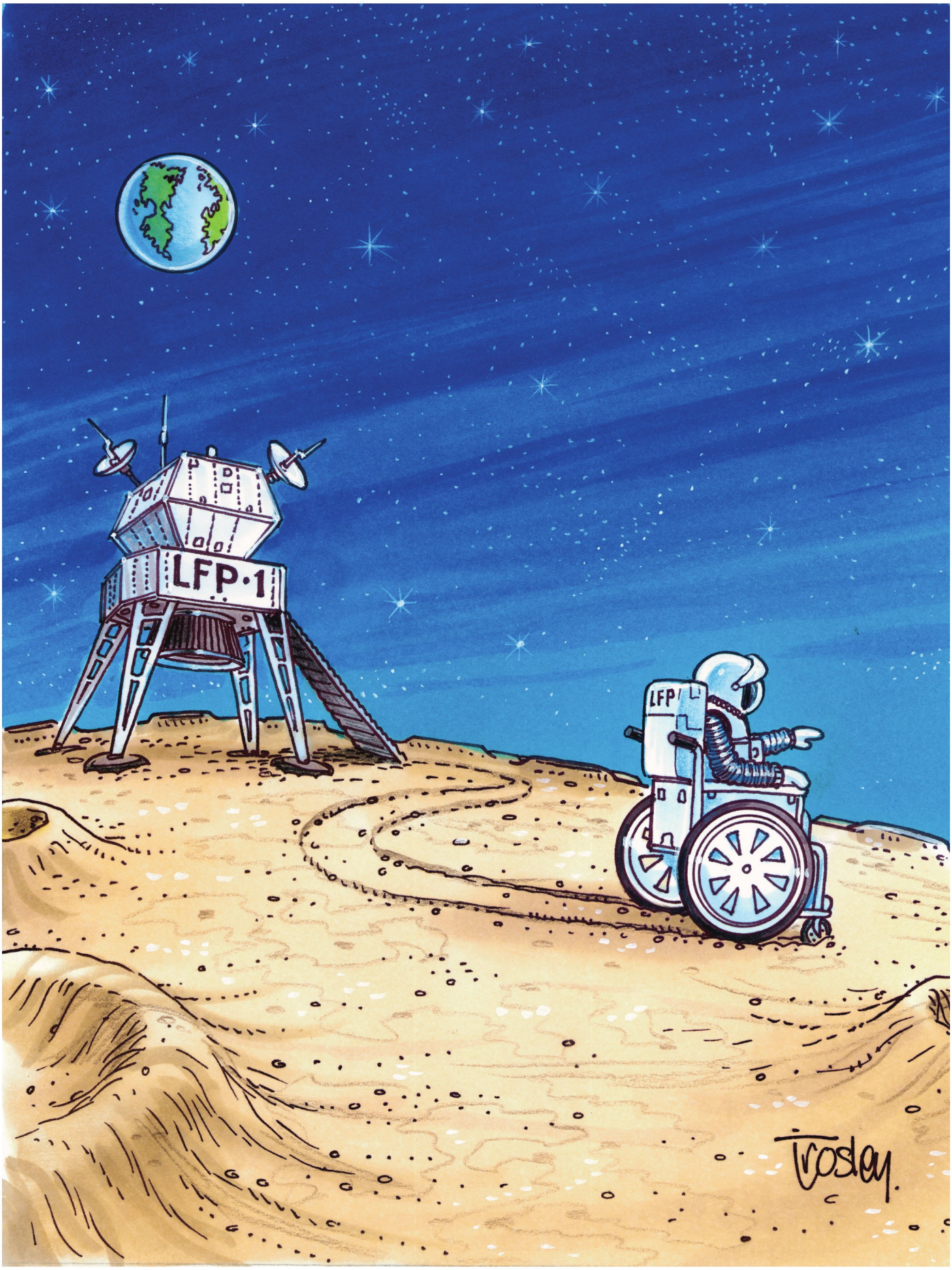
MotorStorm
Manufacturer: Sony
Format: PS3

This brilliant off-road racing experience combines the thrill of fast-paced driving with the adrenaline-pumping excitement of reckless competition, all delivered with ass-kicking results. You sit behind the wheel of a beat-up vehicle, going pedal to the metal with dozens of other racers who've descended on the MotorStorm Festival deep in a sweltering desert. You must not only vie for the checkered flag, but also be willing to engage in a no-holds-barred battle for survival with your rivals. *MotorStorm* features smarter and more aggressive artificial intelligence than similar games, plus real-time track deformation, fully destructible vehicles (and environments) and detailed scenery.

IT TAKES BALLS

Winning Eleven: Pro Evolution Soccer 2007
Manufacturer: Konami
Format: PS2, Xbox 360, PS3

The best-selling soccer (that's football to the Brits) series is back with more world-class, end-to-end action. *Winning Eleven* delivers updated gameplay modes, realistic footwork and an expansive roster of the leading teams and marquee players. Go ahead and bend it like Beckham. Run, kick, drive to the box and score! *GOOOOOAAAAALLLL!!!!!!*



"A HUSTLER Casino right there! Then a HUSTLER Hollywood store over there!..."

(continued from page 54) cars at Spahn Ranch.

But Watson's dreams were soon dashed as Manson plied him with hallucinogenic drugs to break down his ego and control him. Manson eventually brainwashed Watson with his twisted philosophies of bringing about a race war named after the Beatles song "Helter Skelter."

"[Manson] believed that the blacks would rise up and destroy the white race," Watson said. "[The Manson Family] would go out to Death Valley [in California] and find the bottomless pit, where 12 different fruits were growing, where we would live forever, completely be taken care of."

Unsatisfied with the progress of his ludicrous theory, Manson decided to show black people how to carry out Helter Skelter. "The attack at [Tate's] house would kick off the black-and-white race war by leaving the bloody messages on the wall, reflecting that it could have been the blacks who did it," Watson said. Manson thought that "one night wasn't enough to kick off Helter Skelter, so we did the second night."

After the Tate-LaBianca killers were finally captured and tried, Watson, Atkins, Krenwinkel and Van Houten—along with Manson—were convicted and sentenced to death. However, their sentences were commuted to life with the possibility of parole after California abolished the death penalty (since reinstated) in 1972. Since then, Watson has come up for parole 15 times, with his latest denial this past November.

Meanwhile, Atkins, Krenwinkel and Van Houten remain incarcerated at the California Institution for Women in Corona. They too have all been repeatedly denied parole.

Today the Manson Family is all but extinct, with a few scattered followers still devoted to Charlie Manson. One of the most notorious, Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme, is serving a life sentence in a federal prison for attempting to assassinate President Gerald Ford in 1975.

Two other former Manson disciples—Bruce Davis and Robert Beausoleil—are serving life sentences for the murder of music teacher Gary Hinman. Hinman had befriended the Manson Family, but refused repeated demands to give them money. As a result, Manson ordered his execution.

Davis was also convicted for the slaying of Donald "Shorty" Shea, who worked at Spahn Ranch. Shea snitched on the Manson Family to owner George Spahn about petty grievances. Manson, who despised snitches, had heard of Shea's complaints about him from Squeaky the squealer. Shea then mysteriously disappeared.

Jamie Schram, the New York Post's crime-beat columnist, has also written front-page stories on some of America's most sensational crimes and interviewed or corresponded with such notorious figures as David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz and Polly Klaas killer Richard Allen Davis.

"Apparently, the girlfriend feared for her life after a demand for anal sex."

SCREEN NAME:

TARA

AGE: 24

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MySPACE FRIENDS: 30,967

If you haven't heard of our latest MySpace Girl, trust us, you will. Tara Ivy not only models, DJs, takes photographs and paints, but has also appeared in Dave Navarro and Marilyn Manson music videos. And she's only getting started! Not bad for a girl who fled her Catholic-school upbringing in Arizona for the bright lights of Hollywood only a year ago.

But the ambitious beauty didn't relocate just to be discovered. Hoping to become a film editor, Tara quickly landed a job at a post-production company that puts the finishing touches on movies before their theatrical screening.

So what does Tara have to say about living and working in the City of Angels? "I love it!" she exclaims. "There's constant excitement."

Asked to get extremely personal, Tara has a hard time coming up with a sexual fantasy. Mostly it's because "there's not much I haven't done! In bathrooms, clubs…." After brainstorming a bit, the uninhibited hottie comes up with an erotic adventure she's always wanted to try: joining the Mile High Club by having sex for the first time in the wild blue yonder!

Wondering if Tara is straight? Not anymore. Her introduction to girl-on-girl action happened quite recently during a pre-arranged threesome. Since then, getting it on with a man and another gal has become a semi-regular occurrence.

THE GIRLS OF MY

BY TYLER DOWNEY

PHOTOS COURTESY MARC GOLDSTEIN/THE RED CHAIR

SPACE #7: TARA IVY

TARA CONTINUED

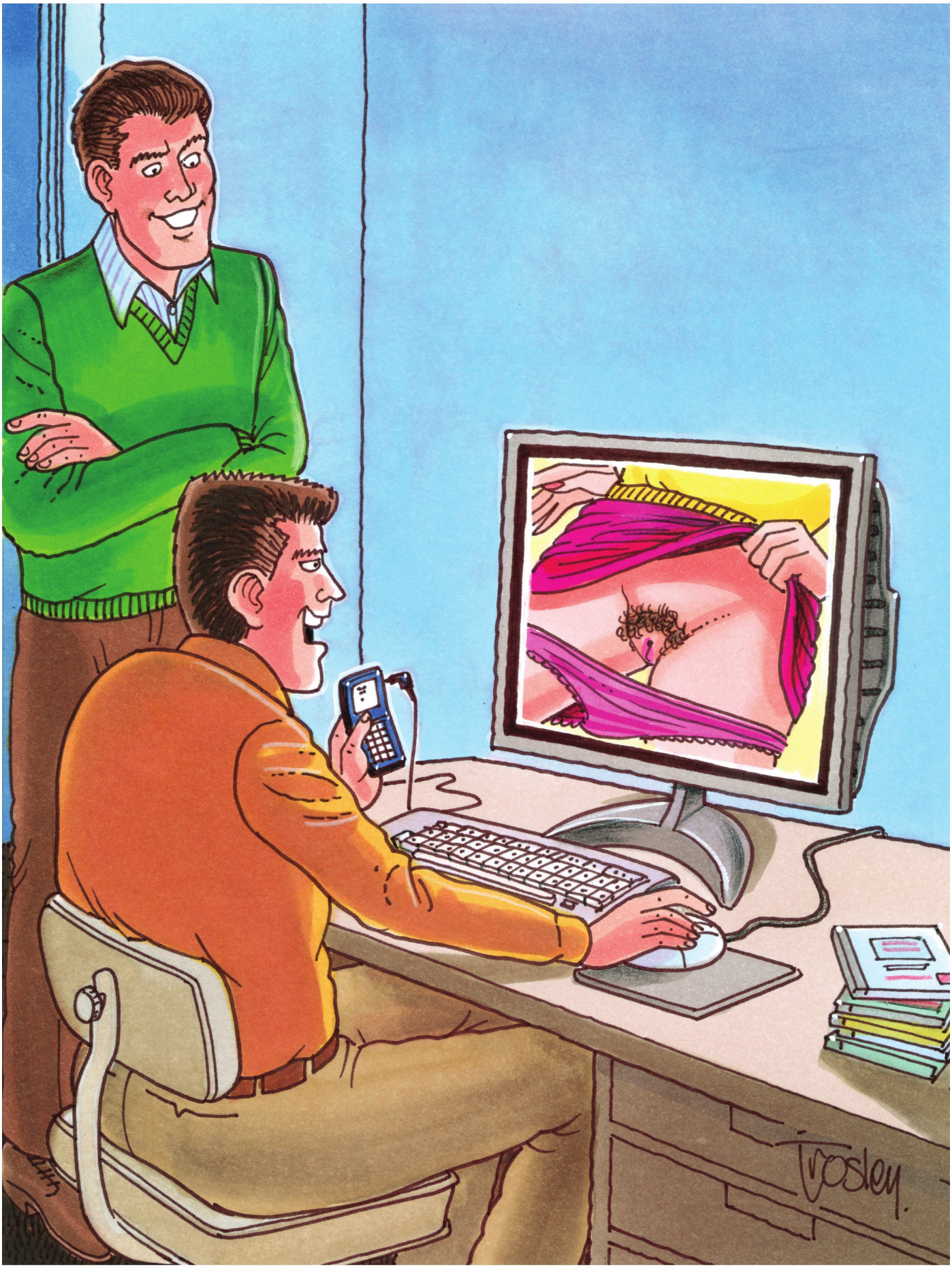
As Tara is still single, we had to ask what she's looking for in a serious relationship. "Intelligence, musicians, artists," she says. "People that are real."

Besides getting her first modeling gig six years ago soon after going online, Tara has assembled a staggering number of friends at **MySpace.com/Taralvy**. Now the popular networker has launched her own Web site. Visit **Taralvy.com** to see more awesome photos, to book DJ Vinyl Assassin (Tara's platter-spinning moniker) for your club or just to say how much you loved seeing her in HUSTLER.

Tara Ivy is something special!

SPACE ★ HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★ HUS

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.



"First of all, here's the salesperson who sold me the camera phone...."

SNOWJ

FEATURES EDITOR **ED RAMPELL** EXPOSES NANCY SNOW'S ARROGANT DISINFORMATION WAR.

"FORMER" GOVERNMENT PROPAGANDIST Nancy Snow slimed HUSTLER in a double-dealing, one-sided op-ed in the *Los Angeles Times*. In the self-confessed deceiver's slanted commentary, Snow demonstrated that she learned well from the federal mouthpiece agency of which she "was" a tool.

What did HUSTLER do to deserve this "Snowjob" in a daily newspaper? Our "crime" was to offer this pissant author an opportunity to ballyhoo her book in a mass-circulation magazine. Even "worse," HUSTLER invited her to a business luncheon at a pricey Beverly Hills restaurant, our treat. Oh, the horror of it!

The backstabbing Snow opened her mendacious op-ed with a gratuitous attempt at humor: "THE PHONE RINGS. Larry Flynt's Hustler magazine wants me for a Q&A (not T&A) about all things propaganda." The truest thing here is that HUSTLER definitely did not want the middle-aged, oversized, unattractive Snow for any T&A.

At Hollywood Lefty events, I'd encountered the self-proclaimed propaganda expert (never, to my knowledge, accompanied by a date). As HUSTLER's new Features Editor, I originally called Snow to write a brief piece about an anti-Bush book filled with World War II posters given updated, biting political captions. Instead, Snow disparaged the author of the book, whose publisher—coincidentally—was also Snow's. What a team player! Rather than review a fellow writer's work, Snow wanted us to showcase her book.

HUSTLER generally doesn't review non-pictorial books, and besides, Snow is not a particularly good writer. Previously, upon giving me a copy of *Information War*, she'd apologized for its numerous typos. I couldn't finish Snow's book, as she is primarily an academic apparently unable to earn a living writing. (Those who can, do; those who can't, teach.) However, Snow's topic—propaganda—was of interest to us. Since I wanted to help her, we mentioned the possibility of an interview.

Snow leapt at the chance to do a Q&A in a publication with such a vast audience. According to her, she'd previously only done one print interview (with Orange County, California's *OC Weekly*) and was very bullish about HUSTLER's proposal.

Snow claims she received a Ph.D. from the Washington, D.C.-based American University—which was chartered by an Act of Congress—and that she "worked as a cultural affairs specialist and Fulbright program desk officer at the United States Information Agency [USIA] and as intergovernmental liaison in the Bureau of Refugee Programs, U.S. State Department." In other words, it seems she was a trained, professional government liar.

In Snow's *The Arrogance of American Power*, she quotes social psychologists Anthony Pratkanis and Eliot Aronson, who define propaganda as "the dissemination of biased ideas and opinions, often through the use of lies and deception." In *Information War*, Snow calls propaganda "mass persuasion with a purpose that advantages the sender." The "onetime" USIA and State Department hack learned those lessons well, putting her dubious disinformational talents to use by bashing HUSTLER in an *L.A. Times* op-ed, which played fast and loose with the truth.

In it, Snow complained about HUSTLER's "A_____ of the Month and a lot of cartoons and jokes focused on bodily emissions" in the January '07 issue. Here's what the disinformer didn't tell the newspaper's readers: Of the approximately 24 cartoons, the majority were political in nature.

As for *Asshole of the Month*, Snow neglected to mention that it lampooned her fellow disinformation specialist, political adviser Dick Morris, while the accompanying *Farts in the Wind* roasted GOP politicos Katherine Harris and George Allen. The puritanical Snow griped about that issue's explicit images (what did she expect?—this isn't *Popular Mechanics*), but ignored its hard-hitting Q&A with archconservative David Horowitz, Robert Scheer's anti-Bush column, blogger Brad Friedman's exposé of electoral hanky-panky, etc.

For some reason (perhaps because of her own hang-ups?), Snow only cited body-parts hanky-panky. Although a California professor, Snow ignored January's *College Report* about academic freedom under assault at UCLA. Talk about priorities! Like the government-trained propagandist she is, the prevaricator selectively picked and chose her "facts," instead of providing balance.

In her opinion piece, the Snowjobber confessed that after her eighty-something-year-old "Mom withdraws her support…I don't mention my slipping confidence to anyone at Hustler." Indeed, she left us in the lurch by breaking her word shortly before our scheduled interview. However, Snow proceeded to admit in print to offering "a compromise. I'll do all the research, even ghostwrite an article." The "queen of spin" hid the truth from us regarding her ambivalence, was willing to deceive the public and confessed how underhanded she is in an op-ed for all the world to see. Even though HUSTLER isn't good enough to carry her byline, she was presumably delighted to pocket Larry Flynt's money. True to her U.S. government training, this mommy's girl seems completely oblivious to how unethical her proposal and behavior are.

HUSTLER, which doesn't permit contributors to use pseudonyms, e-mailed a terse reply. Subject: "NEVER MIND"; text: "See above." The thin-skinned Snow, who dishes it out but can't take it, opined: "Ouch …Hustler was mad at me."

No, we weren't. But she'd wasted our time, repeatedly lying and then

OB

making an insulting offer to deceive our readers; it was time to move on. By reneging, the reckless Snow didn't realize or care about the potential harm she'd caused our scheduling.

But the *L.A. Times* op-ed's coup de grâce was Snow's preposterous assertion that she was "told to find a quiet [restaurant] booth, as if we were having a tryst." Is she fucking demented?! Snow is no HUSTLER Honey, and this quackademic is more delusional and deranged than a diaper-wearing astronaut if she imagines this had any sexual intent. A little privacy simply ensured good sound levels for our taped lunchtime interview in a busy bistro.

The image-conscious Snow fretted that her "proximity" in the "porn mag" to "designer vaginas…implies endorsement." Look: Reasonable people can differ over sexually explicit material, but in time of war, with thousands tragically dying, surely the cause of peace should trump concerns over erotica.

But not for Snow, who wrote: "How could I turn down an opportunity to explain how propaganda is the primer paint for nations going to war?" Yes, how could she? Instead of doing an informative interview about government/corporate duping that would have been read far beyond "the ivory tower… [and by] lots of U.S. soldiers in Iraq," Snow chose to write a gossipy editorial that exploited buzz words such as *Larry Flynt* and *vaginas*. She blabbed about her favorite subject—herself—instead of how governments and corporations lie us into wars, and proved herself to be a liar to boot. In doing so, this media whore spun it in order to look like she was on a high-moral horse, as well as to get her name in print. Yes, Nancy, it's all about *you!*

We do not know if Nancy "Pinocchio" Snow is still a government hack spinning lies for the USIA or other administration agitprop agencies. But even if she no longer works for Big Brother, the utterly untrustworthy Snow couldn't have scribbled a more deceitful op-ed. In her attempt to smear America's most anti-Religious Right, antiwar, anti-GOP, anti-Bush mass-market magazine, she gave aid and comfort to the Bushies.

Maybe she's related to Bush's spokesliar, Tony Snow. (This month's fellow Asshole of the Month; see page 15.) After all, Nancy seems to be doing some of his dirty work.

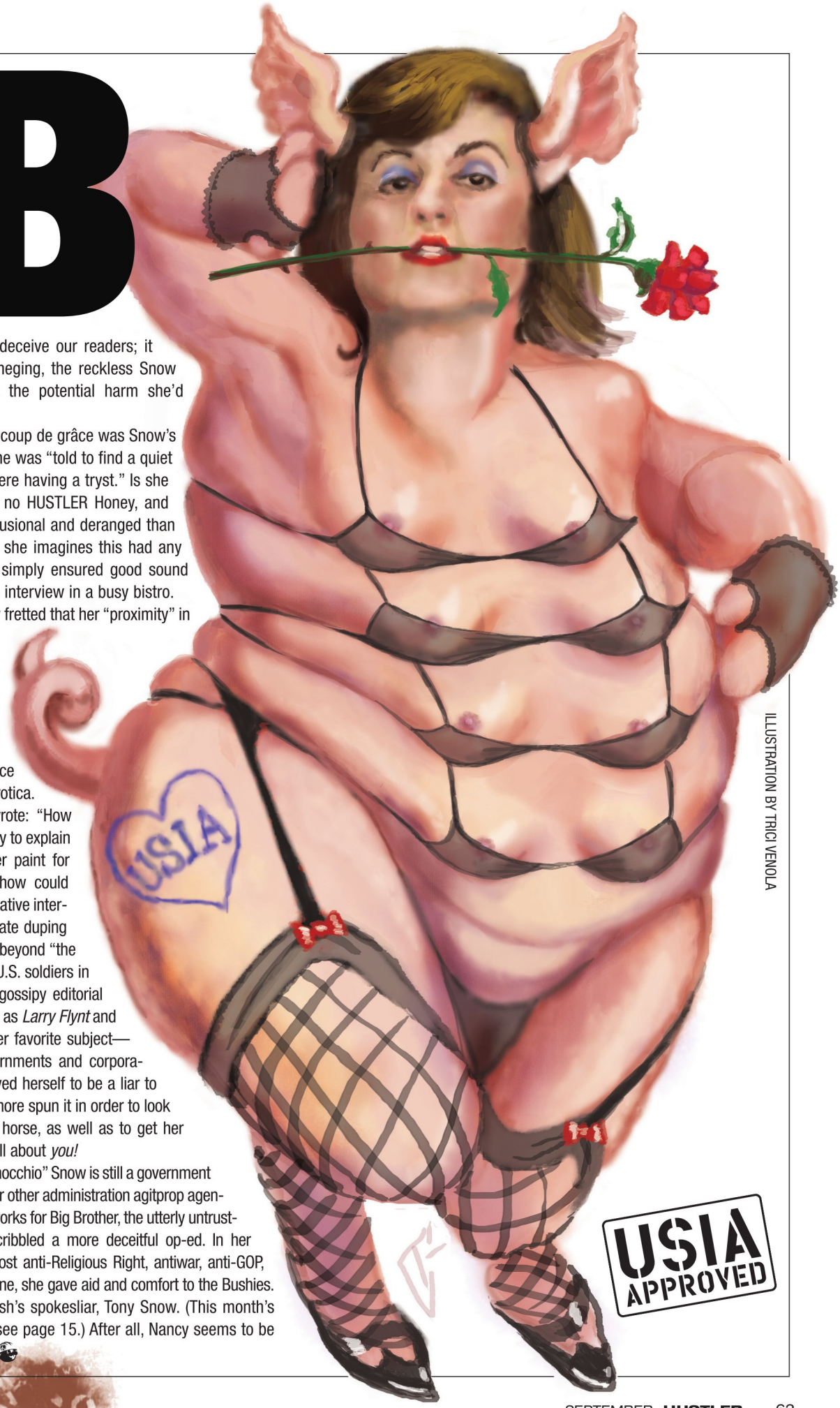


ILLUSTRATION BY TRICI VENOLA

MELISSA JACOBS

WHITE HOT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

I live in Hollywood," **Melissa** proclaims, "and I've always dreamed of becoming an actress. I think of posing nude as one of the first steps to a brilliant showbiz career. I know it used to be taboo to be seen naked in magazines, but now it's kind of cool."

Wishing to titillate our readers, we ask the gorgeous siren to briefly delve into her sex life. "That's private!" the 21-year-old doll exclaims. "I'm not a prude by any stretch of the imagination. I've done it all at this point, but I'm not going to tell you."

Not even a little? "Okay, just a little," **Melissa** relents with a laugh. "I was just kidding, you know. I'm very open and don't mind talking about getting it on. I love to be on top. It's my favorite position, and I get the best orgasms when riding a man hard. You can also pull my hair and spank my ass a little bit—just not too much!"

Definitely a here-and-now type, the babe frivolously dismisses our query about what's in store a decade or so from now. "I don't think about where I'll be in ten years," **Melissa** chortles. "I have no idea where I'll be next week! You can't take life too seriously because it will just get you down. My life is one great big party, and everyone is invited!"

MELISSA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Hollywood, California
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio
HEIGHT: 5-6
WEIGHT: 103

GOING TO THE

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

IT'S HAPPENED TO ME, you, everyone you know: waking up in bed after dreaming that you are flying. Now I actually *was* going to fly…sort of.

I am tuning out as the "flight instructor" is talking to the class at the Perris Valley Airport in rural Southern California. I'm supposed to be paying attention to her and the lame fucking video she is showing, but all I can think about is suiting up and climbing into the air chamber.

The instructor finally shuts up. Each air student is given a flight suit, goggles and what looks like a crash helmet. I step into this outfit, which kinda resembles a fire suit NASCAR drivers wear, but not as cool. Mine is a thick, stiff material, fluorescent purple and green. Right leg, left leg, *zip*. I strap on goggles—the thick black frames and lenses remind me of those specs Mr. Magoo wore.

Helmets on, we all walk to the chamber for our sky venture. I pick third place—less pressure. If you're first, chances are you're going to look like a fool, flailing all over the place. The second person is still getting rid of the skydiving bugs, so third it is. If I make a mistake, no one is going to notice because they're still laughing at the first two divers. Sure enough, skydiver number one looks like a complete dolt.

You'd think a tall, slender guy would fly like a feather. But no, he can barely get off the ground. He just hovers over the net where the wind is blowing out of a turbine. His co-diver (another instructor) is desperately fighting, trying to get him upright.

Idiot, I'm thinking. *Didn't he pay attention to the video?!*

Look who's talking. I was half paying attention! Think, think….

EXTREME

INTREPID TV SPORTS REPORTER **JENNIFER GOULD** RELIVES SOME OF HER THRILLS AND SPILLS.

Oh, yeah! You're supposed to be belly down. Curl your legs back up in the air like you're trying to touch your heels to your ass. Extend your arms out, slightly bent, like you're about to do a swan dive into a pool.

As I'm remembering all this, diver number two slides into the chamber. Unfortunately, the heavyset woman has a hard time catching air. But with winds clocking close to 145 m.p.h., she does take flight. Her face resembles a dog whose head is out the car window, jowls blowing in the wind.

Now it's my turn. Time to show these people how to fly. I grab each side of the doorway leading into the chamber. Despite my cumbersome helmet, I can still hear the roaring of the wind in the vertical chamber. It sounds like a jet engine.

My heart is pounding. The *thump-thump* drowns out the whirring air.

Have gloves will travel: The dauntless journalist has stepped into the ring and other domiciles of extreme sports to deliver hard-hitting close-ups.

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

The instructor reaches out to help me get into the giant, tunnel-shaped room. It's kind of like those gizmos *Star Trek* characters entered to be beamed from one place to another. The wind is so fierce, the instructor has to sign my commands because there's no way you can hear a damn thing.

He motions with his hand, palm side up flat. I quickly try to extend my long, lanky body. He curls his four fingers up into a *C*. I mimic the shape with my legs. Arms out and I'm flying! I mean really, really flying. For a chick who half heard the instructions, I am shooting up fast to the top of the chamber.

Shit! I think. *I hope I don't hit the ceiling.*

My instructor flattens his fingers out again. Oh, I'm supposed to extend my legs! I do it, but too quickly, and come crashing down, right into the safety net. My fingers get caught in one of the squares, twisting my wrist. It hurts…bad!

But fuck the pain! I want to fly again!

Gould's skydiving report included classroom instruction (top right) and being tossed about in a freefall-simulating wind tunnel.

Gould gets the hang of hang gliding.

The instructor rushes over to grab me and signals. His hand flat, he slowly curls and uncurls his fingers. Oh, yeah, I forgot you're supposed to make slow movements. Any abrupt action in the air chamber can send you crashing into the thick, plastic walls.

Simulating a skydiver's freefall at Perris Valley Airport wasn't the only time I was injured covering a story. As a TV sports anchor/reporter, I was tired of seeing only football, basketball, baseball and hockey on TV and in the newspapers. I was itching to try a crop of new extreme sports seemingly being created daily. I wanted to go where the action was. Forget about just reporting the news: I would become the news!

My segment on KTTV-FOX 11 in the Los Angeles market was called *JennX*. But due to all the injuries I suffered in the line of duty, I almost changed the title to *JennRX*. At one point I thought, *Maybe I'll call that AFLAC duck and try to get them to sponsor me*.

Slam ball. Kite-surfing. Off-roading. Inline skating. Mixed martial arts.

I tried them all, wanting to show my audience, firsthand, what it entailed. The best reporting is by an eyewitness, up close and personal on the frontlines.

Sidelines are for sissies! I wanted to use television to show how skilled and amazing these various athletes are. Just call me the Edward R. Murrow of extreme sports!

BMX. Motocross. Aerial arts. Boarding—snow and skate.

The more I reported, the more new sports were entering the scene, and I wanted to be the guinea pig once again. Every report I filed almost looked liked a version of *Jackass*. I considered changing my name to Jenny Knoxville.

Rock-climbing. Carve-boarding.

I got to fly again another time. Windsports Soaring Center gave me a lesson in hang gliding at the Manhattan Beach dunes. At just 30 feet up it's considered the bunny slope of hang gliding. Experienced enthusiasts soar 300 feet-plus above amazing terrain: mountains, ocean, you name it. Beginners sometimes have to fly tandem with an instructor, tucked away in a giant windsock. Basically you look like a stupid caterpillar in the sky.

Not me; I get a harness. One around the

A gutsy gal, Jennifer tackles rock-climbing with her trademark reckless abandon.

shoulders, the other wedged against the groin. Each has a metal clip that latches onto the hang glider for safety. Even though I am running down tiny hills to catch air, my launch is still satisfying. The instructor told me to look where you want to go because the hang glider follows your line of sight.

I must have been staring at my cameraman because before I know it, my feet are in his face; he and the video camera land sideways in the sand. "You are the wind beneath my wings, Brian," I quip.

The only time I didn't really feel safe was when I did a report on street luge. You've seen this sport in the Winter Olympics: Competitors lie flat on their backs on a mini-sized sled traversing an icy course at speeds approaching 50 miles per hour.

Okay, now imagine the same thing, only on a rough concrete street. The guy teaching me is covered with gnarly indentations and scars despite the fact that you gotta wear a thick-as-hell, full-leather body suit and pads on your elbows and knees. And, of course, a helmet.

My cameraman and I stand atop a hill in Laguna Beach as the guy just takes off. We literally jump into our car—me in the driver's seat—and we're next to him, camera rolling, as he speeds to the bottom. No control, no way to stop, unless you flop over, in which case you're guaranteed a nasty case of road rash.

Realizing that, I chicken out.

Not that I don't mind going fast. I mean, I went to the Richard Petty Driving School at California Speedway and learned how they do it in NASCAR. At speeds around 200 m.p.h., the G-force practically pushes you down, melting you into your seat as you try not to throw up.

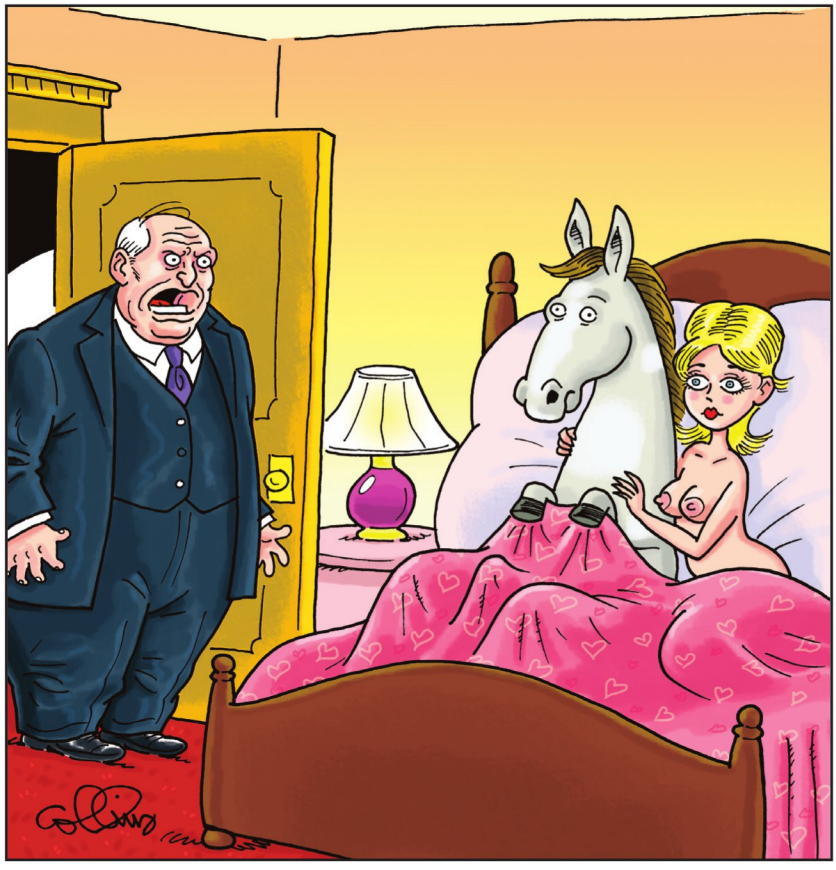
Zooming around the track, I try to focus on the road to keep from getting dizzy and to know when to veer toward the wall or down to the edge of the centerfield grass. But I can't seem to find the tiny white squares that are painted on the roadway—the ones that are supposed to map out my line. Fuck! How can you see them when you're driving that fast?!

At the Dromo One indoor kart-racing track in Orange County, my speed was cut down to 30 m.p.h. This is where many aspiring NASCAR and open-wheel drivers get seasoning before they hit the big time. D1 is also a fun place to race against your friends…and whack their cars without having to call your insurance company!

PERFORMING MY DUTIES as a TV newscaster, I don't know how many times I was forced to see a doctor. A sprained ankle here, a lil' stab there (from fencing)—it was all par for the course. (Oh, yeah, I even played a round of speed golf. Don't ask!)

With each story I earned a badge of honor. Every time I limped into work, every time I couldn't type because my fingers hurt, I knew I was going to the extreme for a worthy cause.

"I'm doin' 5-to-15 for assault and rape. You look a lot like the dude, actually."



"This is what you wanted a pony for?!"

A HUSTLER Television Parody

HEY, FOLKS! REMEMBER WHEN I USED TO BE ON A *GOOD* SITCOM CALLED *SEINFELD*? IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I'VE WASTED THE PAST *SEVEN YEARS* ON *THIS* TURKEY! HOWEVER, IT SEEMS SOMEBODY AT THE NETWORK JUST REALIZED THEY FORGOT TO PULL THE PLUG ON THIS FETID PIECE OF SHIT, AND NOW IT'S *FINALLY* GOING BYE-BYE! GOOD THING TOO, SEEING AS IT'S ABOUT AS FUNNY AS A WET PUSSY FART! THAT'S WHY WE'RE CALLING THIS PARODY...

IT'S STILLER TIME

THE KING OF QUEEFS!

SERIES FINALE

Written and drawn by Noel Anderson

OH, MAN! WHY AM I EVEN SURPRISED BY THIS? I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THIS SORT OF THING WHEN I GOT MARRIED TO A BIG, FAT *FUCK*!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, HONEY?

WEIGHT WATCHERS

FUCK OFF I AM NOT JIM BELUSHI

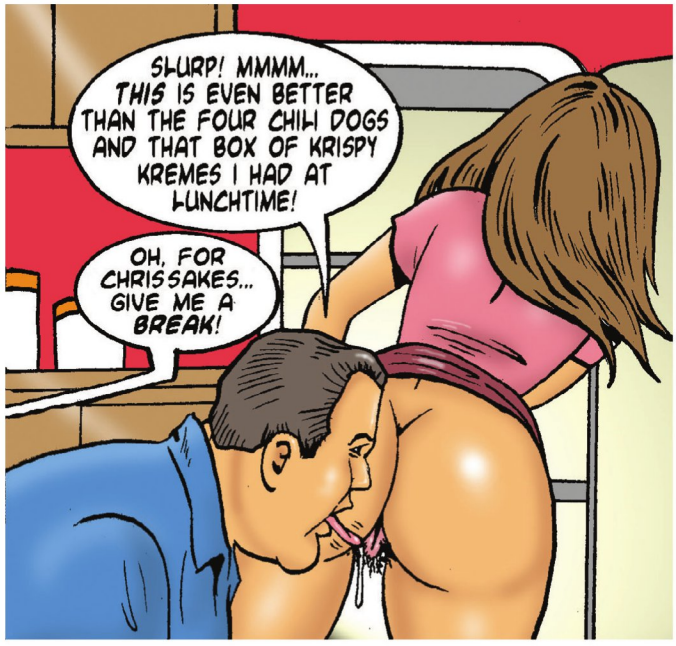
WARNING DO NOT OVERINFLATE!

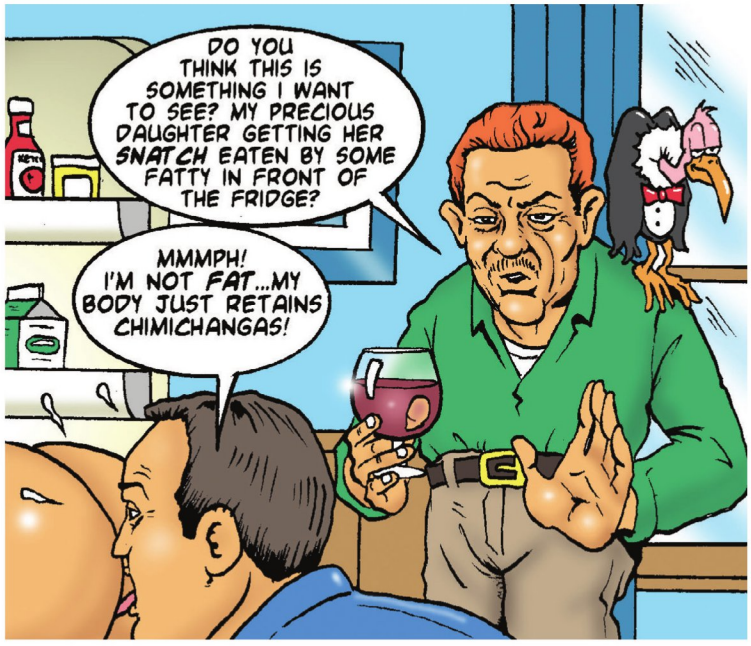
THERE IS NO *FOOD* IN THE FRIDGE, AND ALL OF THE CUPBOARDS ARE *EMPTY*!

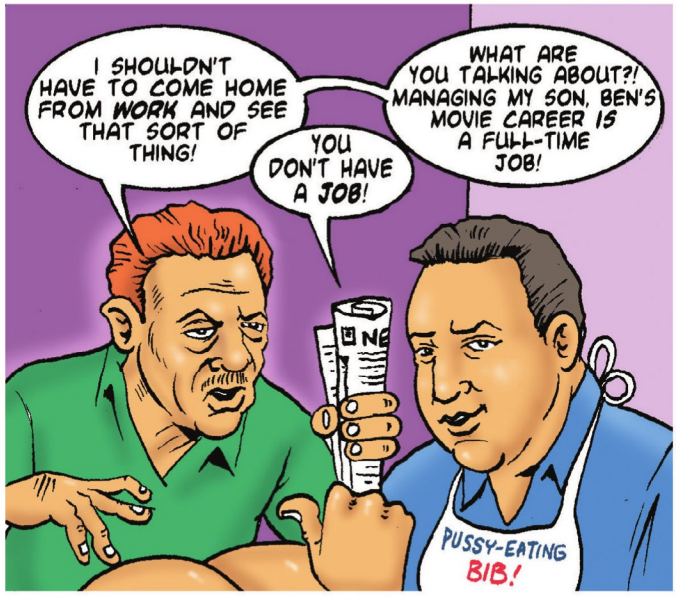
I *DEFY* YOU TO FIND ONE THING TO EAT IN THIS *KITCHEN*!

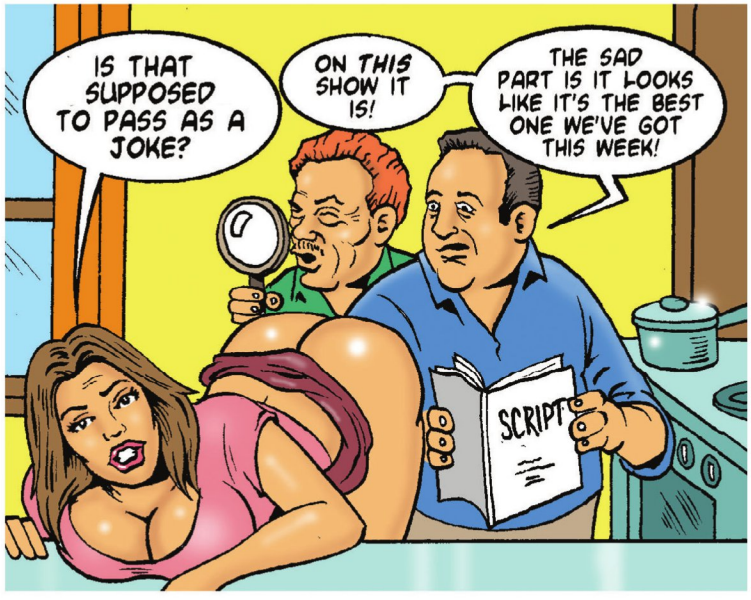
I SEE SOMETHING THAT I'D *REALLY* LIKE TO DIG INTO RIGHT *NOW*!

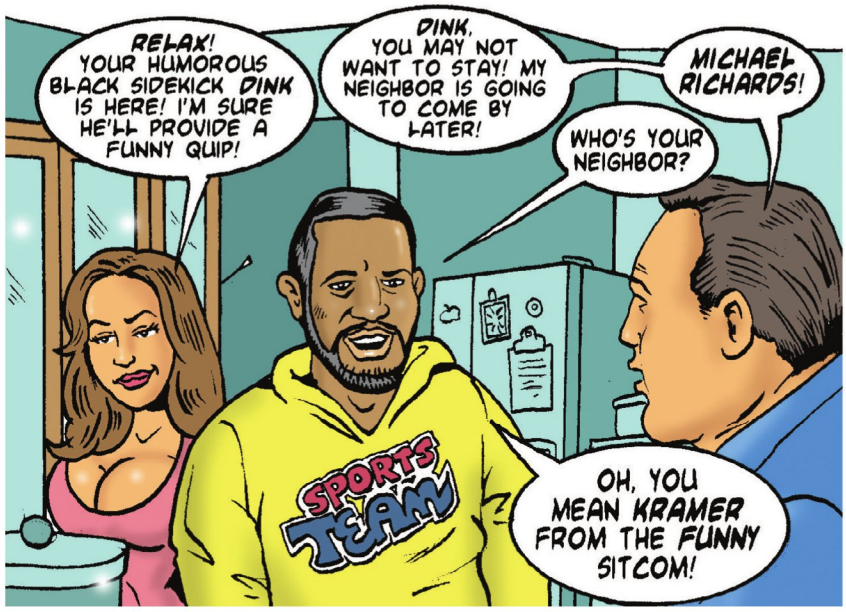
HORNY LITTLE DEVIL!


SLURP! MMMM... THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN THE FOUR CHILI DOGS AND THAT BOX OF KRISPY KREMES I HAD AT LUNCHTIME!
OH, FOR CHRISSAKES... GIVE ME A BREAK!

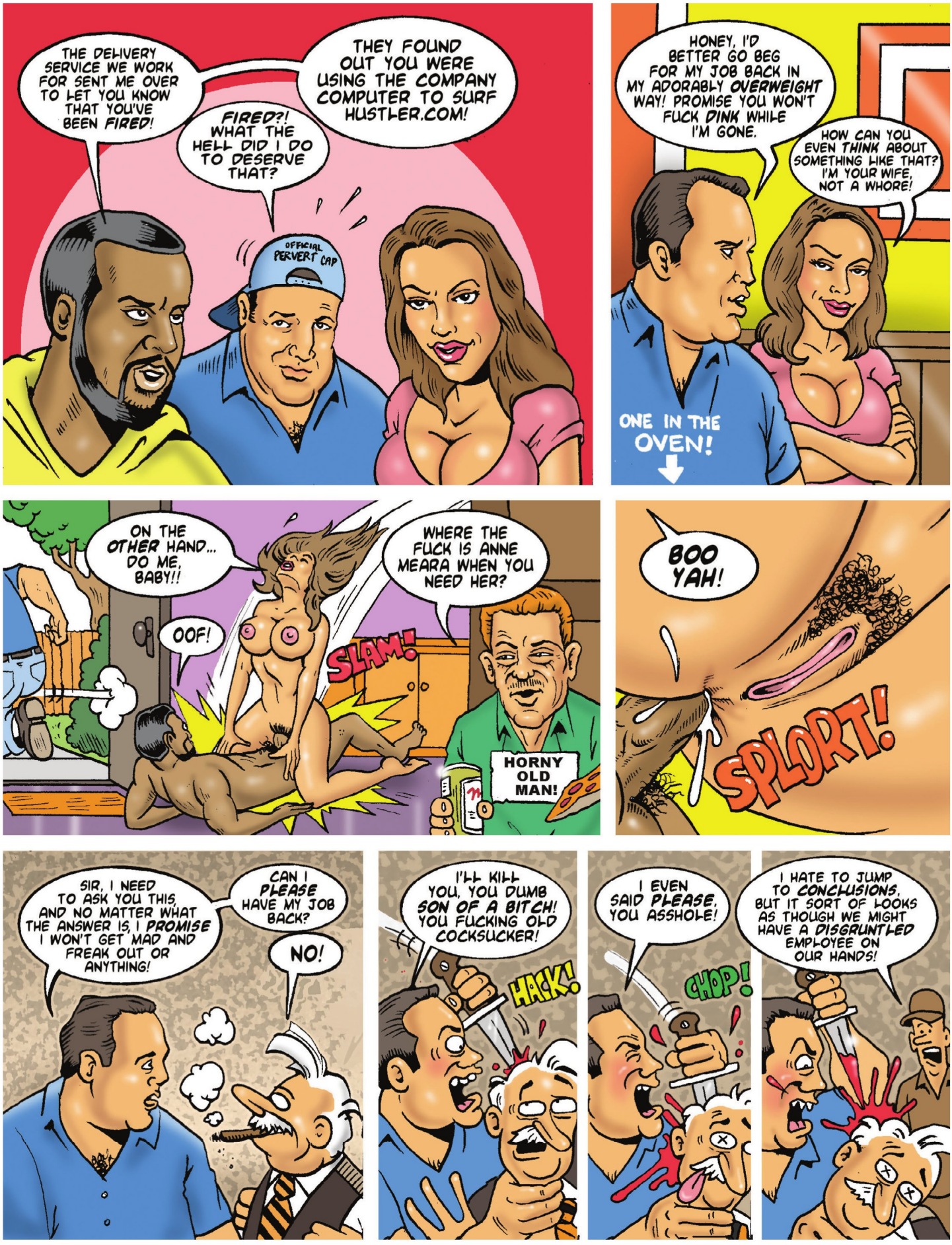

DO YOU THINK THIS IS SOMETHING I WANT TO SEE? MY PRECIOUS DAUGHTER GETTING HER SNATCH EATEN BY SOME FATTY IN FRONT OF THE FRIDGE?
MMMPH! I'M NOT FAT...MY BODY JUST RETAINS CHIMICHANGAS!


I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO COME HOME FROM WORK AND SEE THAT SORT OF THING!
YOU DON'T HAVE A JOB!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! MANAGING MY SON, BEN'S MOVIE CAREER IS A FULL-TIME JOB!
PUSSY-EATING BIB!


IS THAT SUPPOSED TO PASS AS A JOKE?
ON THIS SHOW IT IS!
THE SAD PART IS IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S THE BEST ONE WE'VE GOT THIS WEEK!
SCRIPT

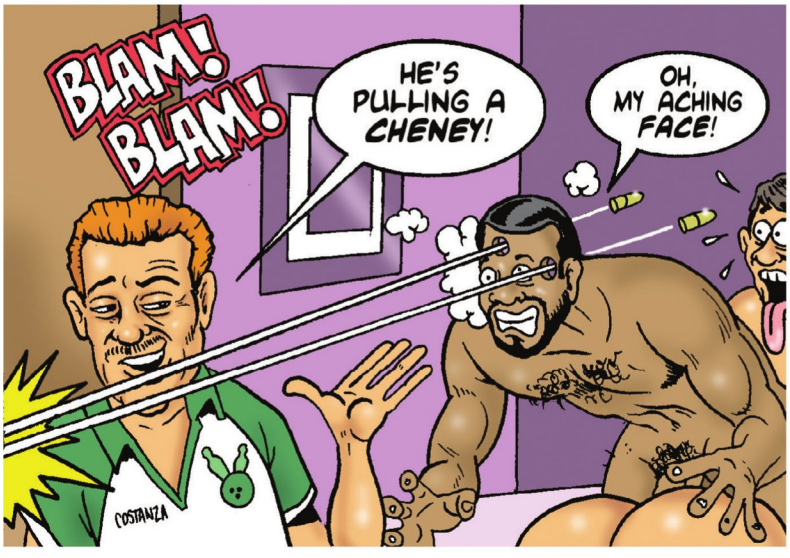

RELAX! YOUR HUMOROUS BLACK SIDEKICK DINK IS HERE! I'M SURE HE'LL PROVIDE A FUNNY QUIP!
DINK, YOU MAY NOT WANT TO STAY! MY NEIGHBOR IS GOING TO COME BY LATER!
MICHAEL RICHARDS!
WHO'S YOUR NEIGHBOR?
SPORTS TEAM
OH, YOU MEAN KRAMER FROM THE FUNNY SITCOM!

ALSO, WE'RE OUT OF FOOD, SO I NEED TO STEP OUT!
TO THE MEAT-RENDERING PLANT TO ROOT AROUND IN THE DUMPSTER FOR SCRAPS!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
SOUP'S ON!

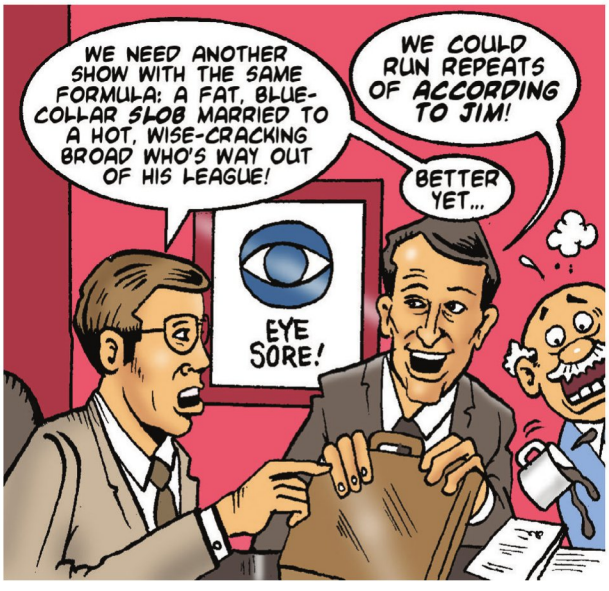

THE DELIVERY SERVICE WE WORK FOR SENT ME OVER TO LET YOU KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN FIRED!
FIRED?! WHAT THE HELL DID I DO TO DESERVE THAT?
THEY FOUND OUT YOU WERE USING THE COMPANY COMPUTER TO SURF HUSTLER.COM!
OFFICIAL PERVERT CAP
HONEY, I'D BETTER GO BEG FOR MY JOB BACK IN MY ADORABLY OVERWEIGHT WAY! PROMISE YOU WON'T FUCK DINK WHILE I'M GONE.
HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THAT? I'M YOUR WIFE, NOT A WHORE!
ONE IN THE OVEN!
ON THE OTHER HAND... DO ME, BABY!!
OOF!
SLAM!
WHERE THE FUCK IS ANNE MEARA WHEN YOU NEED HER?
HORNY OLD MAN!
BOO YAH!
SPLORT!
SIR, I NEED TO ASK YOU THIS AND NO MATTER WHAT THE ANSWER IS, I PROMISE I WON'T GET MAD AND FREAK OUT OR ANYTHING!
CAN I PLEASE HAVE MY JOB BACK?
NO!
I'LL KILL YOU, YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH! YOU FUCKING OLD COCKSUCKER!
HACK!
I EVEN SAID PLEASE, YOU ASSHOLE!
CHOP!
I HATE TO JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, BUT IT SORT OF LOOKS AS THOUGH WE MIGHT HAVE A DISGRUNTLED EMPLOYEE ON OUR HANDS!

HONEY! YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE ME! THE COPS ARE AFTER ME!
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON IN HERE?!
CLICK!
THIS ISN'T WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!
GANG-BANG IN PROGRESS!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE A BUNCH OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE GANG-BANGING MY WIFE!
AM I TOO LATE FOR THE GANG-BANG?
IN THAT CASE, IT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!

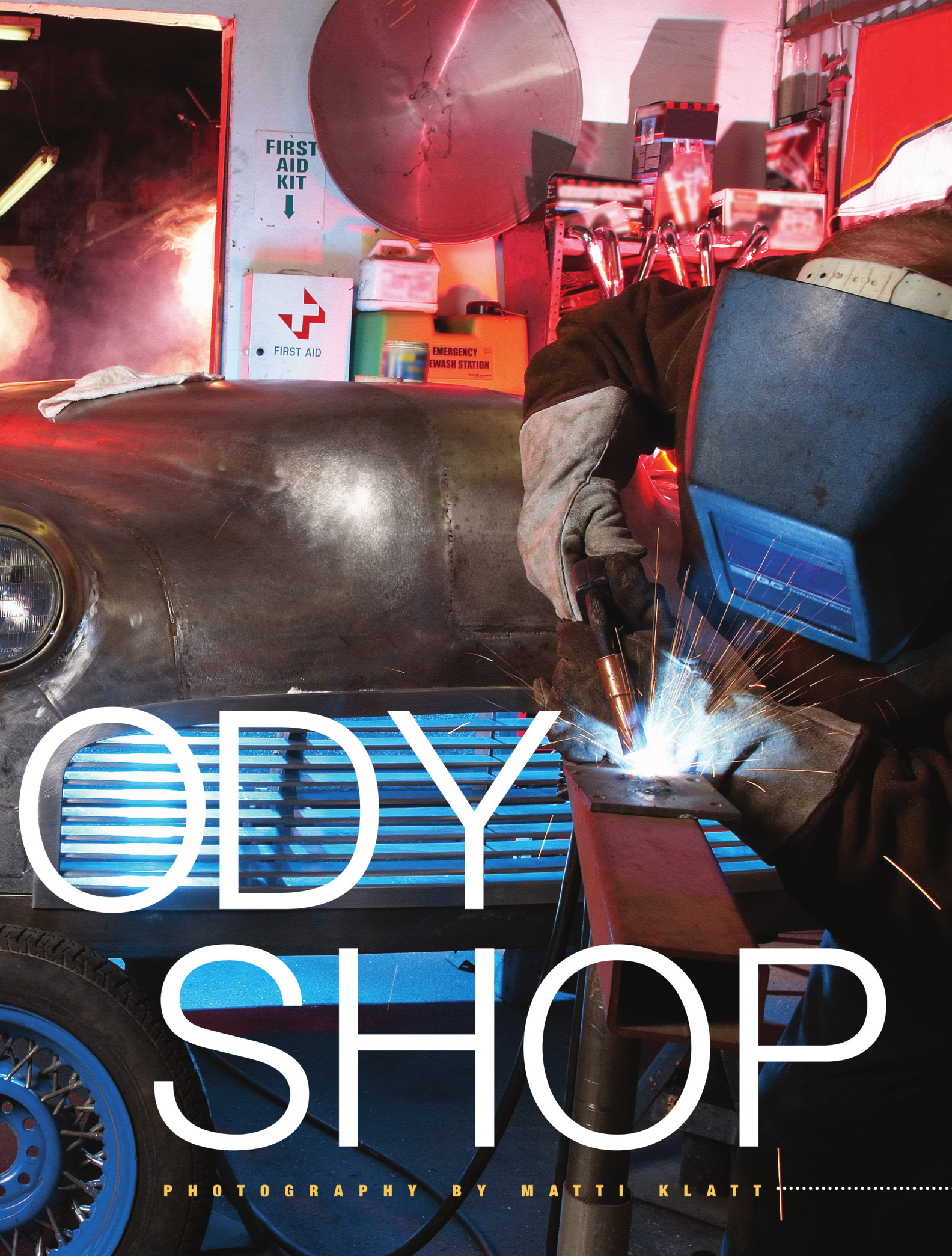

BLAM! BLAM!
HE'S PULLING A CHENEY!
OH, MY ACHING FACE!
COSTANZA

A SPECIAL MEETING AT THE NETWORK IS CALLED...
THIS LEAVES AN AWFULLY BIG HOLE IN OUR SITCOM LINEUP!
NOT AS BIG AS THE HOLE IN DINK'S FACE!
SCHEDULE
STUFFED SHIRT


WE NEED ANOTHER SHOW WITH THE SAME FORMULA: A FAT, BLUE-COLLAR SLOB MARRIED TO A HOT, WISE-CRACKING BROAD WHO'S WAY OUT OF HIS LEAGUE!
WE COULD RUN REPEATS OF ACCORDING TO JIM!
BETTER YET...
EYE SORE!

WE'LL RUN REPEATS OF THE HONEYMOONERS.
YOUR RATINGS WILL GO STRAIGHT TO THE MOON!
GO STICK A CORK IN IT, FATASS!
BUS
END

OLIVIA KENT



ODY SHOP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

FIRST AID

Being naked in front of the camera came naturally for me," **Olivia Kent** recollects. "I have always loved my body and wanted to show it off. When the chance came to pose for adult magazines, I couldn't get my clothes off fast enough. I used to be a very shy girl, but once you let this good girl out of the cage, I get very bad."

That trait definitely holds true when Olivia is in bed. "I'm a fun-loving, caring and crazy girl," she admits. "I get what I want, when I want it. I like a partner who is willing to do it anywhere and anytime. I'm the life of the party, so you never know when I'll need some good sex. And, guys, remember this: It has to be good! There's nothing worse than someone who doesn't know what to do once we're naked."

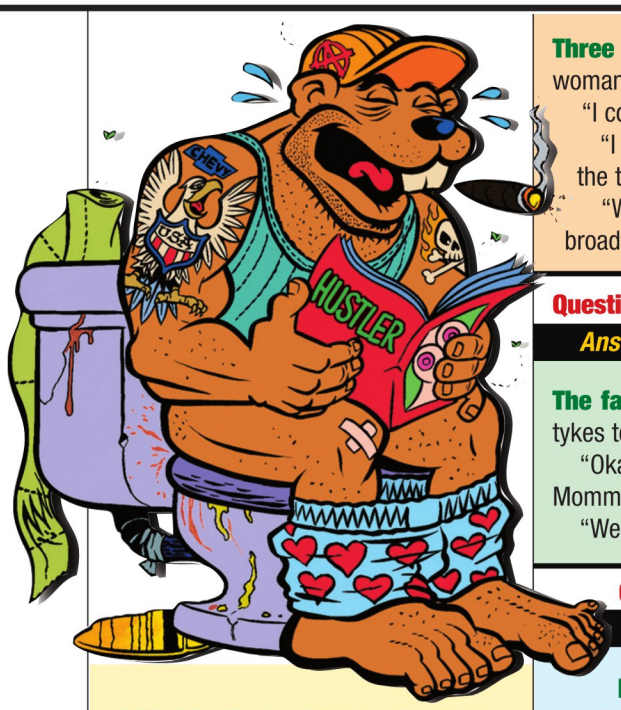
No matter what she's up to, **Olivia** has a good time. "When I'm not working," she tells us, "I really like to party and dance with my girlfriends—maybe a guy or two if they're cool. I also love the beach. It's the perfect place to hang out with friends. I love the feel of the sand on my bare feet and playing Frisbee—sometimes topless!"

OLIVIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Johnston, Pennsylvania
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Cancer
HEIGHT: 5-5
WEIGHT: "I'm super-slim, maybe 108 pounds."

Meanwhile, the stunner relishes being in the limelight. "I would love to be able to pose nude for as many adult magazines as possible," **Olivia** hopes, "and maybe do a calendar or some mainstream acting. I want to do this for as long as possible. I know one day I won't be hot. That's why I'm doing it now."

A sensible realist, **Olivia** concludes, “One day I’ll settle down and have kids—I love them—but that day is waaaaay off in the future!”



A blonde charged into the police station to report that she had been maliciously assaulted. "When did the attack occur?" the desk sergeant inquired.

"Last Saturday night," she replied.

"But that was five days ago," the sergeant snapped. "Why did you wait until now to report it?"

"Because," the slutty-looking blonde explained, "I didn't know I was assaulted until the check bounced!"

Question: What do men and money in the bank have in common?

Answer: Both lose interest after withdrawal.

Before takeoff on a flight bound for New Orleans, a nervous guy took the seat beside Jack. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I've been transferred to New Orleans," the passenger muttered. "There's crazy people there. They've got lots of shootings, gangs, race riots, drugs, poor public schools and a high crime rate."

"I've lived in New Orleans all my life," Jack remarked. "It's not as bad as the media says. Find a nice home, go to work, mind your own business and enroll your kids in a private school. It's as safe a place as anywhere in the world."

"Thank you," the other traveler sighed. "I've been worried to death. But if you live there and say it's okay, I'll take your word for it. So what do you do for a living?"

"Me?!" Jack answered. "I'm a tail-gunner on a beer truck."

Three factory workers sitting in a bar were talking about what part of a woman's body they most liked to look at.

"I could stare at a woman's tits all day long," the first guy told his buddies.

"I like to look at a woman's hot little ass," the second dude said. Turning to the third guy, he asked, "How about you?"

"Well," the third barfly replied, "I like to look down and see the top of a broad's head."

Question: What do you call a smiling Roman with pubic hair between his teeth?

Answer: Gladiator.

The father of five young children had won a toy at a raffle. He called the tykes together to determine which one deserved the present the most.

"Okay, kids, who is the most obedient?" he began. "Who never talks back to Mommy? Who always does everything she says?"

"We know, Daddy," they squealed in unison. "*You* get the toy!"

Question: What's a redneck fortune cookie?

Answer: A piece of cornbread with a food stamp inside.

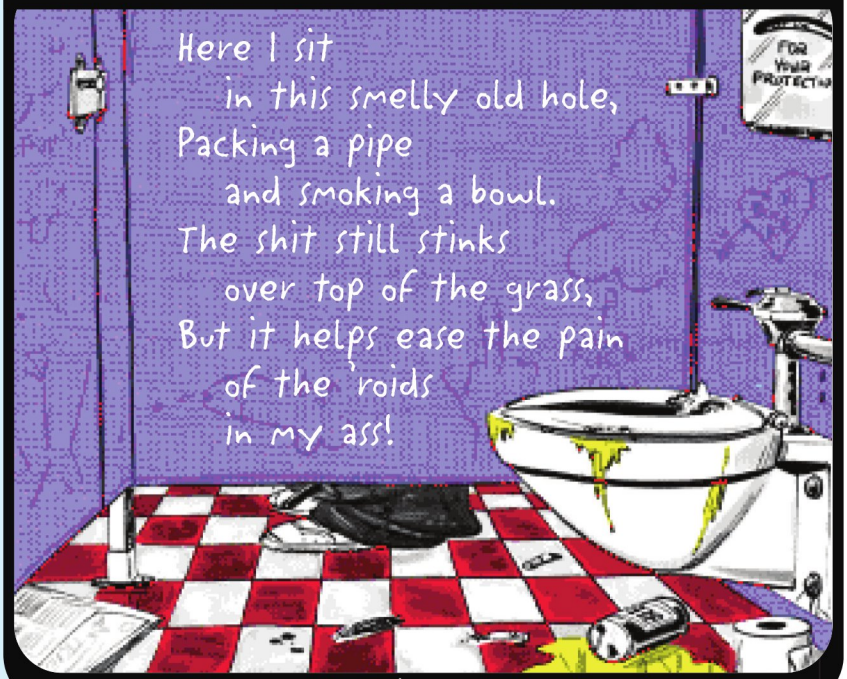
Little Johnny was sitting in biology class when his teacher stated that only humans stutter and that no other creature in the world does.

Johnny raised his hand and announced, "You're wrong, Miss Mitchell!"

"Really?" she asked. "Would you mind telling us why that is, Johnny?"

"Well, Miss Mitchell," Johnny explained, "the other day I was playing with my cat on the porch. The neighbor's Rottweiler came around the corner, and my cat went, *'Fffff! Fffff! Fffff!'* And before he could finish saying 'Fuck!,' the dog ate him!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Lonnie P.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"Dad, how dare you read my diary!"

Maria Beatty in *The Black Glove* (1997)

Porsche Lynn and Lady Inga Holsstrom in *Tight Security* (2001)

Rosemary Delain and Maria Beatty in *The Elegant Spanking* (1995)

Mayan in *Silken Sleeves* (2006)

Mistress Carrie and Cindy Ireland in *Doctor's Orders* (1998)

Midori and Mayan in *Silken Sleeves* (2006)

MARIA BEATTY

A FETISH FOR INDEPENDENCE

CULT STAR MARIA BEATTY was making alt-porn before there was a name for it. Ten years ago she unveiled *The Black Glove*, an intensely atmospheric film portraying an extended sadomasochistic session involving herself and another woman. Boasting an uncanny command of the medium and a soundtrack by hip, avant-garde composer John Zorn, Beatty's debut made a huge impression on New York City's arty in-crowd, and word quickly spread through the worldwide fetish scene.

Beatty, who now lives and works in Paris, France, continues to explore her fantasies in a string of self-produced girl/girl flicks. Marketed through her own Bleu Productions label, most of them star the entrancing submissive herself. She calls her cult style "erotic noir," a blend of S&M hard-core and the shadowy look of vintage crime movies. In her words, "My films delight in the playful relationship between pleasure and pain."

At a porn festival in Berlin, Germany, we caught up with the charming auteur, who granted us a rare interview.

HUSTLER: How is your work different from most porn on the market?

MARIA BEATTY: The actresses in my films are an extension of my desire and their desires. The films are a collaborative effort, not primarily based on money or fame. They are works of art.

The performers and I talk extensively about our desires, the chemistry and connections. It is more like getting into the stories together, choreographing eroticism. And it's more about desire and foreplay than the actual coming. I'm interested in traveling with my mind into the fantasy. Aesthetics, the beauty of it, have priority.

I have no preconceived idea of where I am going with my work. It's a personal sexual journey. I'm a fetishist. So it's about the object of desire. For me, a long red fingernail, for instance, is an object of desire and, as such, it can be seen as an elongated clitoris. I am magnifying it as a sexual object.

Why have you remained independent?

I pay for all of my productions out of my own pocket because I want to own the rights, keep control over the way [my work] is produced and then market it. I control every aspect of the film; I even edit it. You cannot control the way it's seen, but that doesn't concern me. I am only interested in the creation.

If straight men want to watch it, that's fine, great. I'm putting it out there for people to enjoy. I've been told that my work is too aesthetic, too pretty, that there is not enough fucking, that it doesn't get to the meat of the matter. (*Laughs.*) But it's a specialty item. It is probably more for connoisseurs and collectors.

How do you work?

The talent is as much in control as I am. I give them a lot of freedom to decide what they want to do, how they want to do it. I get to know the talent beforehand, to make them feel at ease and comfortable. For me, the turn-on is to see them getting pleasure doing this film with somebody who attracts them and performs with them.

My set is very minimal. I do the second camera myself. The lighting person and the set designer have to leave the room. I need the intimacy. I was a sex performer in the New York S&M scene in the mid-'90s, so I know what it takes to get the desire going and the energy flowing.

Are you able to make a living as a niche filmmaker?

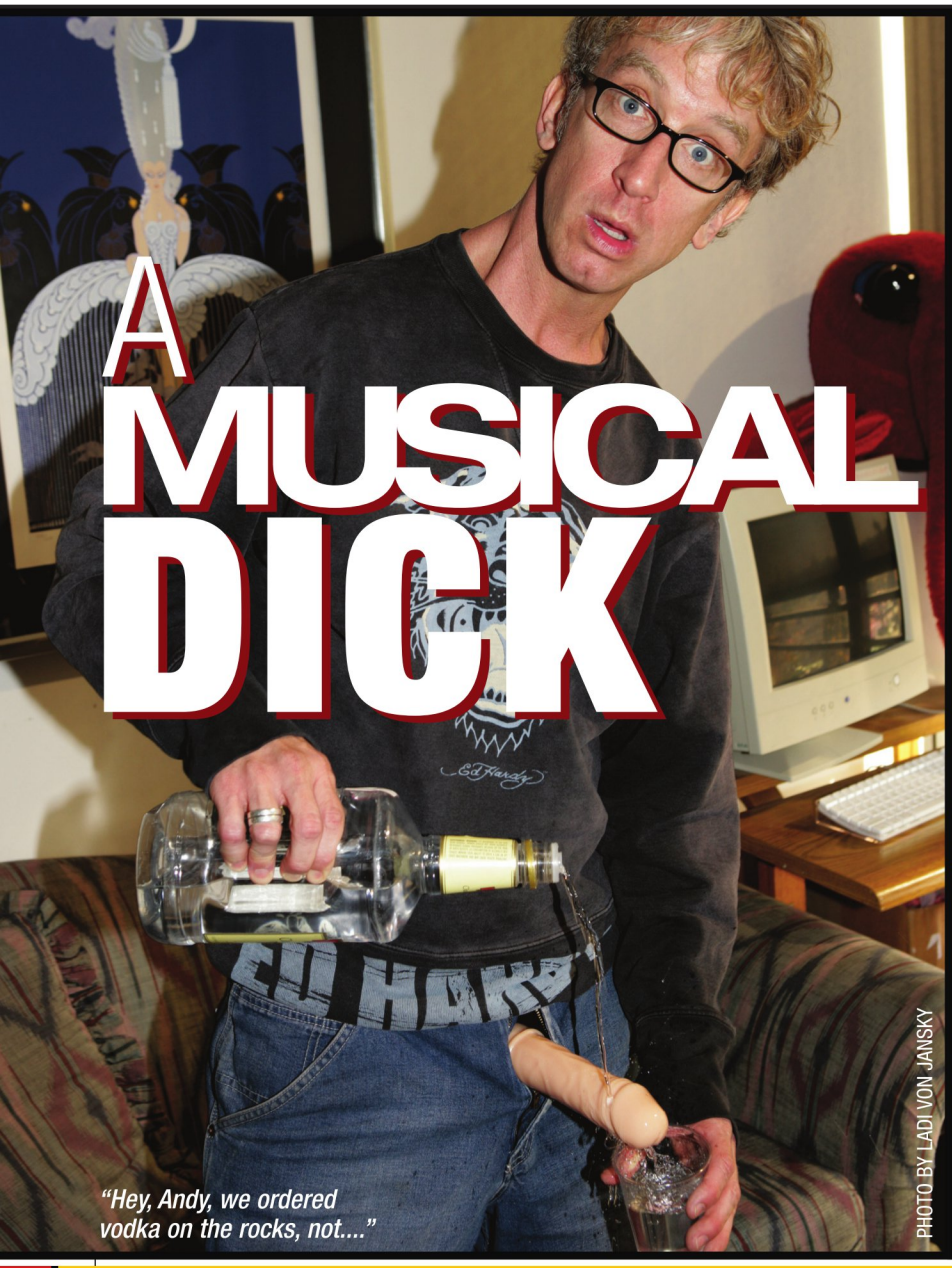
When I performed, I found you could make more money being the submissive. And as a submissive, you really put your body out there. But at a certain point, you realize it's enough, time to move on. I wanted to retire my body, so I started making films. I make only one video a year, and I do make a living at it. I have a very selective audience, and they are very dedicated to my work. My first films—*The Black Glove* and *The Elegant Spanking*—still sell well after almost ten years.

I'm a one-woman operation, so it's very economical. And digital is so portable. I can edit my films on a laptop anywhere in the world, whether I'm in a café in Paris or anywhere else.

My message to the porn lovers out there: Support female directors and their work. See the real thing. See authenticity!

Salwa Amin is a filmmaker and producer based in Berlin, Germany. For further information or to order Maria Beatty's provocative films, visit ***BleuProductions.com****. You can also download films from her members-only site,* ***BleuProductionsOnline.com****.*

A MUSICAL DICK



"Hey, Andy, we ordered vodka on the rocks, not...."

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

If we said comedian Andy Dick is best known for his work on the TV sitcoms *News Radio*, *Less Than Perfect* and his self-titled MTV series, we would be full of shit. In an age when everyone has a videocamera, the outrageous, comic bad boy has become more famous for his alcohol-fueled, bisexual, public hijinks than anything else. The self-proclaimed provocateur, who will stop at nothing to get a reaction, is now hoping to make his mark in music. Animated, happy and sober, Andy recently stopped by the HUSTLER offices to talk about his fledgling rock-star life, which includes fingering a midget, fighting STDs with booze and finally admitting that he really won't fuck just anything.

HUSTLER: We'll steal the title of your new CD by asking, do your shows always suck?

ANDY DICK: When I do live shows, it's really a stretch to call it a *show*. It is just me walking onstage. But when someone is offering you tens of thousands of dollars for one night to go to some college and talk in front of anywhere from 2,000 to 8,000 students, you put together a fucking show. So, me being lazy, I have some songs and I have a band, and before I would go onstage, the club/house manager hands out these cards and pens to the audience to write down questions. So my show is really a Q&A: Ask Mr. Dick. Most times I'm able to answer the questions with a song because I have about 30 of them that are very autobiographical. So if that is your show, just a series of questions and answers, it can be hit or miss.

Tell us about *Do Your Shows Always Suck?*

There are two live shows on this album. It was almost going to be called *Drunk/Sober*. At the Columbus [Ohio] college show I was stone-cold sober, and I was drinking at the San Francisco comedy club show. Honest to God, there are good and bad parts to both. I almost prefer the show where I'm

DISC REVIEWS

SIGHTS & SOUNDS: The Newest Music DVDs Around

RUN DMC

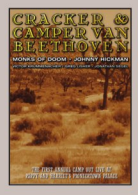
Live at Montreux

This 2001 show features the "Kings of Rock" in true form, blasting through 66 minutes of their best-loved cuts. As hard as it is to believe this is the only commercially available DVD of the groundbreaking rap trio, it is also one of the last recorded performances of the late Jam Master Jay. Old-school highlights include "It's Tricky," "Peter Piper" and "Walk This Way."

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE

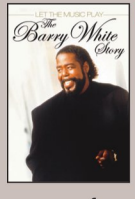
Live E=MC²

Former Clash guitarist Mick Jones leads the second incarnation of his experimental funk outfit through an energetic set on this great DVD. Filmed at London's famous Town and Country Club in 1990, it showcases Jones's original blend of styles, including rock, reggae, hip-hop and high-tech samples. Just seeing a group of white British guys rocking their way through a cover of Prince's "1999" is well worth the price of admission.



CRACKER & CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

David Lowery rounds up old colleagues from both of his alternative rock bands for a good old-fashioned hootenanny of sorts. Filmed at a dusty desert ranch, the show features full sets from both Cracker and Camper Van Beethoven, plus performances of offshoot projects like Monks of Doom.



LET THE MUSIC PLAY

The Barry White Story

The life of the heavyweight crooner gets an extensive and family-authorized biography treatment. This 72-minute chronicle traces the smooth singer from his humble Texas upbringing to his ascent in the 1970s as one of soul's all-time greats. Thanks to home movies, performance clips and interviews with celebrity pals (including Smokey Robinson and Ray Parker Jr.), you get a glimpse into the man behind the music.

drunk. When I listen to that part, I think, *That guy's kind of cool.*

The show where I was drinking, I ask if there are any more questions, and the bartender from all the way in the back yells out, "Do your shows always suck?!" I put that as the title of the CD so people know what they are getting into. I want to let them know upfront that somebody might think this sucks.

Have audience members written down questions you couldn't answer?

There are always a lot of questions about Trishelle from *The Real World* because we hooked up a little bit. I fingered her. That's all. And played with her titties. The questions that I don't always answer are the dark ones. This is what I mean by being an entertainer or a performer. I call myself a provocateur because I provoke people and stir up their insides. They'll ask me about Phil Hartman. That's not comedy, but if I want to, I will go there. It's cathartic, and it might be good for the audience to hear the dark side of me.

As a provocateur, are you like Andy Kaufman?

Yes. Andy Kaufman was one of my heroes really. I saw him perform live on a show called *Fridays* [ABC's early-'80s *SNL* knockoff]. I was watching it live. I saw him break the fourth wall and upset people on the set and then *boom!* They cut to bars. I was like, what's going on?!

I do this bit in the beginning of my show, which I don't do on the road because I need to bring my 500-pound friend. In the show I say, "I want to thank my AA sponsor, and he's not here. That's kind of disconcerting. Anyway, let's continue with the show." He shows up minutes later, drunk. So my AA sponsor, with nine years sobriety, shows up drunk and then comes onstage. He starts telling stories about how I sucked a cock for a rock of crack. Untrue story. He then proceeds to projectile vomit into my open mouth.

Real vomit?

No, there is a cup of Campbell's creamy chunky corn chowder or something, and I push him offstage, where he sneaks this goop into his mouth. Then he comes back on, and I punch him in the stomach, and he pukes it out. People have called the police and run out; they scream and cry.

Even if I told someone before the show, security or something, "Look, this is what's going to happen," they still freak out. What I like about doing something like that, once you find out it's not real, is it makes you, as an audience member, put a mirror up to yourself and see how you react to something. Because it wasn't even real. I love that.

So you're not really a comedian in the classic sense?

I'm not a *comic*. I don't do jokes. I've tried it, and I don't like it. If you don't like something, then you are not going to be good at it. I'm more suited to act, whether it's on TV or in a movie or onstage by myself. When I was a comic, I was acting like a comic. I would take on this persona.

I bet if I tried real hard, I could have found a style, but it was easier to go onstage without the responsibility of having to make the audience laugh. If you are just a performer or doing a show, you are not saying, "I'm here to make you laugh only."

A lot of actors want to be rock stars and vice versa. Do you have that bug?

I love it. I'm not a rock star. I'm an actor. I can't play guitar or even sing that well, but the way I act is like a rock star. I say who gives a fucking shit?! I have the rock-star attitude, and that's what counts.

What is the most rock-star thing you have done lately?

I trashed my own apartment. I've had orgies where famous rock stars and me were having sex with groups of girls. And occasionally I've had rock stars grab my dick.

(continued on page 103)

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

EL-P

I'll Sleep When You're Dead

Four years in the making, this serious-as-a-heart-attack disc features guests ranging from Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails, the Mars Volta and Cat Power. It is packed with smart, socially conscious, angry, beat-laden hip-hop and rock.

STATIC X

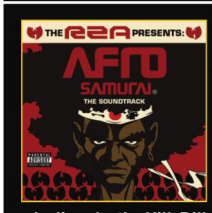
Cannibal

Wayne (he of the high hair) and the boys return to perform on their fifth CD. Produced and recorded by the band without interference, *Cannibal* reminds us of how the once-new kids of metal have become one of its quality mainstays.

KEN ANDREWS

Secrets of the Lost Satellite

The former Failure frontman and producer of Beck, Pete Yorn and Jimmy Eat World has released a layered and melodic debut. The perfect blend of modern and retro sounds makes this music for the masses.



RZA

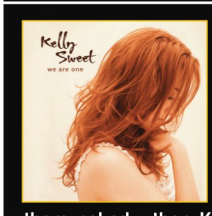
Afro Samurai—The Soundtrack

The musical mastermind behind hip-hop legends Wu Tang Clan adds to his growing résumé of television and movie scores (including both *Kill Bill* installments) with this funky and furious soundtrack.

THE DETROIT COBRAS

Tied & True

If Iggy and the Stooges were chicks, and their lead singer had the soul of Patsy Cline with the ironic rock attitude of the Pretenders' Chrissie Hynde, they would be the Detroit Cobras. A great mix of sleazy, gut-busting garage rock, including a track called "Hot Dog (Watch Me Eat)," permeates this CD.



KELLY SWEET

We Are One

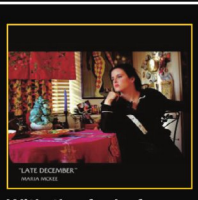
If you're looking to replace your worn-out copy of Norah Jones's first CD—you know, the disc you use to trick chicks into thinking you're sensitive before getting them naked—then Kelly Sweet is for you. Light-and-airy piano rock, including a cover of Aerosmith's "Dream On," is sure to work as the soundtrack to your next "romantic" conquest.

(continued on page 102)

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

HELLYEAH
Hellyeah

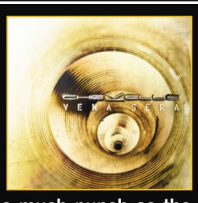
Double-kick drum god Vinnie Paul of Pantera and Damageplan hooks up with a couple of guys from Mudvayne and Nothingface for some pure Texas rock 'n' roll. Their debut CD will have you throwing a fist in the air and yelling, "Hell, yeah!"



MARIA MCKEE
Late December

The onetime Lone Justice singer's latest offering is a good 'ol, down-home slice of soulful, bluesy Americana. With the feel of a romping, stomping hoedown, this will remind you of the White Stripes and the Allman Brothers, but with much darker lyrics. Highlights include "A Good Heart" and "Too Many Heroes."

CHEVELLE
Vena Sera

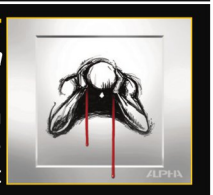


The multiplatinum-selling rockers deliver yet another solid collection of hook-laden tracks. The lead-off single, "Well Enough Alone," packs as much punch as the band's best-known hit, "The Red."

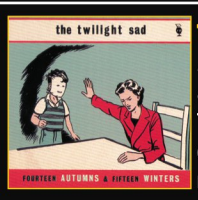
SHITAKE MONKEY
Street Beef

A trio of super-funky producers and mixers delivers a groove-packed party record full of brash and funny tracks. With elements that will remind you of both Weezer and the Beastie Boys, this may be the perfect party platter.

SEVENDUST
Alpha



On their sixth CD (six, really?), Atlanta's favorite sons turn depression, drama and despair into some of the best songs of their career. Highlights include the blood-curdling "Deathstar" and "Driven."



THE TWILIGHT SAD
Fourteen Autumns & Fifteen Winters

This debut is packed with an earnest if introspective exploration of melodic noise rock. The group's orchestral wall of sound recalls the guitar work of both Ride and Sonic Youth's "Daydream Nation" era. Enjoyable despite the pretension of the vocalist's thick Scottish brogue.

—Matthew Brand

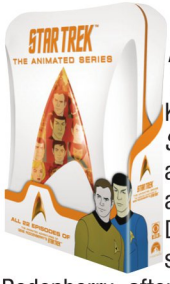
NEWS

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO SMOKE...FIRE!

The fine folks at Icup have just launched a line of AC/DC-branded rolling papers. You know, in case you want to roll your own tobacco cigarettes. Nothing illegal—just plain old, American-grown tobacco. The company has also released a Pink Floyd version for those smoking weed.

ANIMATED SPACE

The Final Frontier



Kirk, Spock and the entire *Star Trek* crew's cartoon adventures are now available for the first time on DVD. The animated version, created by Gene Rodenberry after the cancellation of the live-action series, features the voices of most of the original cast (except Chekov). Containing all 22 episodes, this DVD set is packaged in a durable, plastic, communicator-like case.

POLITICAL PUNK

Spike Lee and the doc.

Physician Ben Marble—the Hurricane Katrina survivor and occasional HUSTLER contributor—rocks! No, not for cussing out Dick Cheney. We mean that Ben literally rocks. He's the leader of Doctor O Not, an alternative indie rock group with a political twist, which just signed up with SOA (Sounds of America) Records. That's the Nashville-based label owned by Razzie Bailey, the "Godfather of Country Music" and a Country Music Hall of Famer. Check out Doctor O Not's music at **BenMarbleMD.com**.

Ben Marble (left) and his band make a house call.

LIFE THROUGH A GLASS EYE

The new, hardbound, coffee-table book *Photo by Sammy Davis, Jr.* provides a glimpse into the private life of one of showbiz's greatest and most versatile entertainers. The black-and-white portraits capture everyone from Ava Gardner, Martin Luther King and his Rat Pack cronies Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin.

ANDY DICK Q&A
(continued from page 101)

One of my favorite rock-star moments got me banned from the state of Florida. It was at one of these festival shows for thousands of people, and this guy was heckling. Sometimes I don't give a shit, but sometimes I get incensed. I could see who it was, and I fucking dropped the mike, ran into the audience and, as I was running, I'm taking off all my clothes and my underwear.

He had no time to react because it happened so fast. I got up on him and spread my ass, wiped my musty, stanky butthole from his head all the way down the length of his body while people were laughing. The best part was that heckler must have smelled like my ass for a week. That was pretty rock-star.

Do you have groupies?

Early on, when I was doing *News Radio*, there was this girl who would show up at all of my live shows, which was odd because I never promoted them. Every show, she was always there right in the front, and she would try to hang out after. She was annoying but pretty. I said to her, "If I fuck you, will you leave me alone?" She said yes. So I fucked her, and I continued to fuck her for a couple of years because it was so good.

The new CD includes a song called "Dip Your Cock in Vodka." Have you ever tried that?

I do it on a regular basis! You do it if you think you have stuck your dick in some place precarious. The first time I did it was the first time I stuck my dick in a girl's butt. I have a big cock head, and it scraped out some shit. I ran to the bathroom and started to scrub, but the soap only worked a bit. If you ever stick your finger in a girl's butt, then that butt finger—I don't care what you do, you could use a Brillo pad on it—that butt finger will not go away.

I said this soap is not going to disinfect and clean it well, so I grabbed the only thing I could find, which was vodka. I rinsed my whole dick in vodka. To this day I'm totally clean, and I attribute it to using vodka right after sex, any sex. I don't dip it in now. I have a spray bottle full. Vodka kills all germs and bacteria. The trick is to spray it on right away, man.

But doesn't vodka sting?

That's how you know it's working.

Will you fuck anything?

That's not true. I'm very picky. It's because of who I am, my status. Money, I think that is what it is. A lot of people are attracted to talent, and I've been extremely blessed and lucky to be with the most beautiful people. I'm highly sexual. I have 20 girls and three guys right now that I'm with. They are like models.

I have also had my share of ugly, older and fat people. One time I had a girl who said you can fuck me if you fuck my fat friend. She was huge. I said sure and did them both. These things are more for my amusement. I chalk it up to curiosity. I once fingered a midget.

Having seen you lick the faces of several celebrities on the Comedy Central roast of William Shatner, we have to ask: What does Farrah Fawcett's face taste like?

I don't remember. I was drinking. When you get on one of those shows, I'm such an easy target that when someone starts to crap on my head, I drink to ease the pain. I got her number and was going to put her on my list of fuck people that I fucked with the midgets.

So you'd fuck Farrah Fawcett as she is now?

Yes, I would. Just to have that category taken care of.

You were kicked off the Jimmy Kimmel show for being too amorous with Ivanka Trump. Do you think she really wanted you?

Yeah, I do. I waited in my dressing room. They dragged me off the show, which was not staged. They really did drag me off. You see me laughing and saying, "What the fuck are you doing dragging me off?!" I waited in my dressing room because I really do believe that everybody wants to fuck me. With Ivanka I sat waiting, and they were like, "Okay, Andy, we're done; your car is outside."

I said, "No, I'm waiting for Ivanka." Jimmy Kimmel made her wait on the stage until I was cleared out. When I say cleared out, I mean a security guard or somebody carried me out over his shoulder and put me in the car and made me leave. I still believe that she wanted me. I wasn't joking. It's kind of creepy, but that is how I flirt.

*The original **Rock Lobster** on a break.*

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

If you were in porn, what would you call yourself?

Oh, that's the thing where you take your first dog's name and the street you grew up on? My first dog was named Lady; the street was Ramsey. So I would be Lady Ramsey.

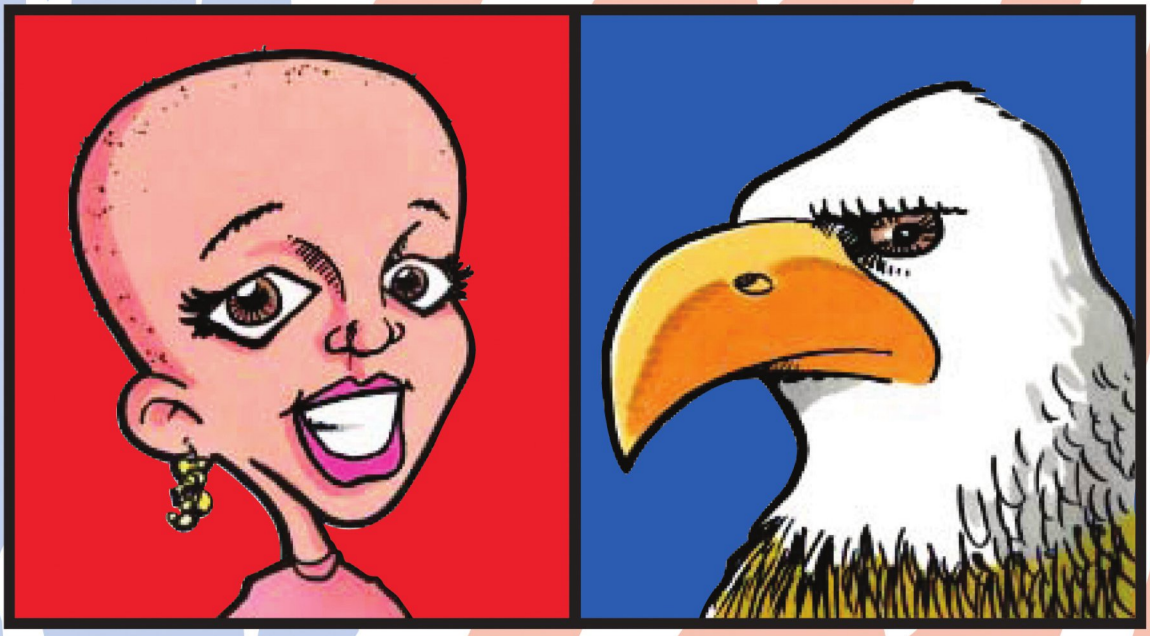
What do you think of HUSTLER?

I hope I am not offending anyone, but I call it a "dirty magazine." And when it comes to dirty magazines, HUSTLER is just perfect. The pictures are so perfect. Everybody is so beautiful, and they are really fucking. You can see how wet they are. It's good stuff.

When you die, how do you want to be remembered?

I don't have control over that. I hope I don't die soon, because people think I'm such a fucking freak right now. If I died now, people would be like, "Yeah, we didn't see that coming!" And they would be laughing. I don't want that. I kind of want to clean my act up and give people some more entertainment before I die. So when I die, they'll talk about how many people I made laugh as opposed to how many times I dropped my pants or dropped an *N* bomb. I wanna be known for what I came to town to do 20 years ago—make people laugh. Not all this tabloid shit. ■

What's the difference between Britney Spears and a bald eagle?



One is a symbol that represents everything in America that the world has come to loathe and resent, and the other is a bird.

McHale

MOVIE Mammaries

Salma Hayek's *Muy Caliente* Ta-tas

DESPERADO

BREAKING UP

WE HAVE LONG BEEN FANS OF Salma Hayek, partly for her acting talent, but mostly for a willingness to bare it all on the silver screen. The luscious Latina first showed off her killer bod in the 1995 *bandito* epic *Desperado* opposite **Antonio Banderas**, and she makes their candlelit love scene hotter than four-alarm salsa.

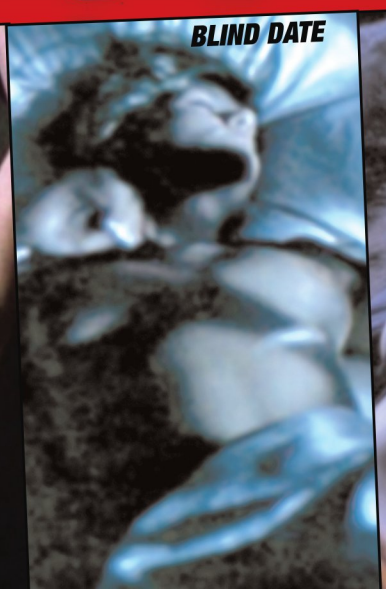
Hopping into a shower, Hayek alone heats up the rarely seen *Breaking Up* (1997), revealing her hefty hooters in all their soapy glory. Although we found the indie flick *Velocity of Gary* (1998) rather puzzling, there are several redeeming moments. With her bouncy boobies hanging out, Salma comforts a dying guy. She also livens things up in a torrid Laundromat sex scene that is sure to make *you* feel very dirty.

Thanks to goofball overacting by **Kevin Kline** and **Will Smith**, the big-screen version of television's *Wild Wild West* (1999) is basically unwatchable. The only reason to even think about renting the film is to catch a fleeting glimpse of Salma's awesome ass.

We may not know art, but we know what we like. Case in point: The 2002 art house movie *Frida*, which we absolutely love!

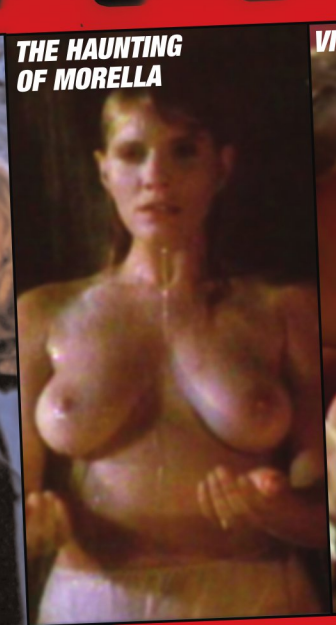
Rent These NOW!

BARBARIAN QUEEN II: THE EMPRESS STRIKES BACK

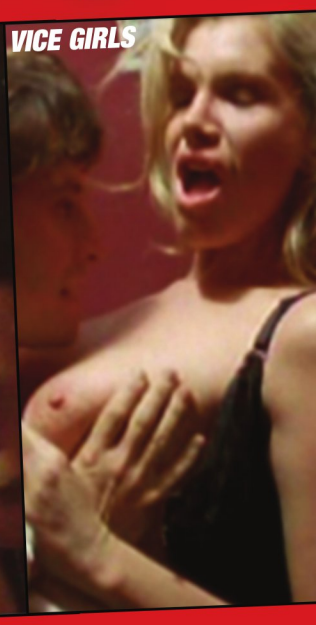


BLIND DATE

DEATHSTALKER



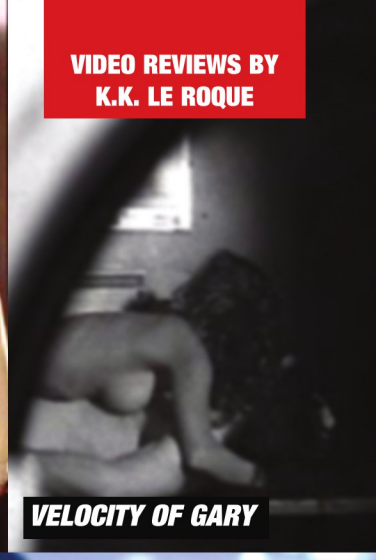
THE HAUNTING OF MORELLA



VICE GIRLS

FRIDA

WILD WILD WEST


VELOCITY OF GARY

Portraying Mexican artist Frida Kahlo, Salma engages in several topless trysts with men and women alike. Of course, all of these scenes are artistically rendered and vital to the story's integrity. Even with the bombshell's unibrow, we'd have done her in a heartbeat.

Hayek's latest risqué foray on the silver screen was in *Ask the Dust* (2006), letting her mammaries shimmer in the moonlight and getting down for some beachfront bopping in the sand. Since wrapping up *Ask the Dust*, she has spent more time producing TV shows like *Ugly Betty* than making movies. We just hope she'll get back to doing further nude scenes. Maybe we should appeal to the Mexican-born actress in her native tongue. *Salma, mostranos por favor sus tetas. Muchas gracias, señorita!*

Finally, if you want to see what Salma Hayek might look like with a dick in her mouth, check out our "Celebrity Fantasy" on page 18.

ASK THE DUST

LANA CLARKSON'S LUSTY LUNGS

ON FEBRUARY 3, 2003, a statuesque, blond beauty made a dreadful decision. A hostess at the House of Blues on West Hollywood's Sunset Strip, she went home with a famous patron—gun-toting whack job **Phil Spector**. As of press time, what happened early that fateful morning was not fully known, but somehow the 41-year-old looker ended up being shot in the face and dying in the foyer of the legendary music producer's suburban castle. Long before her tragic death, the victim, **Lana Clarkson**, had an eventful and breast-filled career in B movies.

Clarkson's biggest Hollywood credit was as the girlfriend of the science teacher in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, but the struggling actress uttered only the briefest of lines: "Hi."

Now that she has unwittingly gained celebrity status, there are several straight-to-video releases you need to check out, starting with the 1983 epic *Deathstalker*. In this forgotten gem, lovely Lana plays a frequently topless barbarian who really knows her way around a sword. That same year we got to see more of the babe's true talents as she rolls around, again topless, during a restless night in *Blind Date*.

In *The Haunting of Morella* (1990), Clarkson shows she wasn't afraid to get frisky and a little wet. The unbashful temptress serves up some superhot, tit-rific tub time (with lesbian stirrings to boot), as well as a stirring alfresco scene, during which we get to marvel at Lana's rain-soaked mams.

However, our favorite credit on Clarkson's résumé has to be 1989's comically titled *Barbarian Queen II: The Empress Strikes Back*. In this cult classic we get to see bare breasts galore—not only in battle and various sex scenes, but also during the tons of time she spends lashed to a torture rack.

The last flash of Lana's fabulous flesh came in 2000's *Vice Girls*. Watching her do the nasty in an elevator will make you an instant fan.

Sadly, we'll never know what else the age-defying beauty would have been willing to do in front of the camera, but we're thankful to have these glimpses of Lana Clarkson's casabas to remember her by.

Do yourself a favor, friends: Run out and rent these films. Now! Yes, today! Remember, every month HUSTLER delivers the best in cinematic flesh. Let us know what you think at *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

SUNNY LEONE & ERIKA NICOLE

SUMMER OF 69

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

On one of those rare days away from the set, porn star extraordinaire Sunny Leone enjoys lounging around her beach house naked. Sometimes, feeling especially horny, she'll even masturbate while basking in the sunlight. The girl can't help it. She absolutely loves sex—with men, women and by herself.

Lost in a steamy, erotic fantasy, Sunny is a bit startled when the dark and delicious Erika catches her deliriously wanking away. "That looks fun," the ebony princess purrs. "Mind if I join you? I just moved in next door."

Although the alluring ladies have never met, they quickly become well acquainted. Sunny buries her face deep into Erika's soaked snatch, then coos, "You taste as sweet as lemonade!"

Wanting to be a good neighbor herself, Erika wastes little time returning the favor, slithering her talented tongue into Sunny's yummy *yoni* and sending the world-famous fuck bunny to nirvana.

The naughty nymphos spend the entire afternoon making each other come and come again. "I'm so glad I moved in next door," Erika graciously murmurs as things wind down.

"Me too," Sunny chirps, "and I'm very happy I got to move in on you!"

"I am not up here seeking wisdom. I just want to be alone with my porn!"

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

IVY LEAGUE ASININITY

David Thier exposes the Pundits, Yale University's secret society dedicated to raw social disobedience.

PHOTO BY MAUDE STACK

Unabashed nudity is a big part of the Pundits' imaginative hell-raising.

This January an e-mail seemingly from Yale University's political science department invited selected students to "Law and Ethics in Intelligence Gathering." The seminar, which promised to examine the role of torture in the modern world, attracted dozens of undergrads trying desperately to land jobs in the CIA. The classroom was packed, but soon the once-eager students were somberly taking notes as the *bowtied* professor invited volunteers to tickle a girl slathered in whipped cream and cover her with Bengay ointment before eventually threatening her with a plugged-in iron.

The professor was an actor and the girl his willing accomplice. The seminar wasn't sponsored by the poli-sci department, but by a shadowy group of campus tricksters known as the Pundits. The whole thing was just an elaborate hoax designed to do nothing more than fuck with ambitious students.

Fucking with the minds of people is what the Pundits do. They belong to a secret society of male and female seniors who, in the words of a wild-haired fellow asking to be called "Mr. E," spend their time "introducing a little (or a lot of) chaos into the lives of the rank and file here at Yale." Lots of Yalies remain holed up in their rooms most of the time, reading long-dead philosophers and planning to change the world. It's to these suckers that the Pundits try to reach out.

The Pundits were founded in 1884, taking the Sanskrit word for *wise man* as their moniker. (Incidentally, this was the first time the word appeared in the English language.) Back then, according to Mr. E, "the group's principal activity was Friday afternoon lunch at Mory's [a New Haven tavern], which involved a lot of sitting around, conversing, drinking, cigar-smoking and being witty with each other. Sounds like a gay old time, really."

The Pundits gradually turned from being a closed-off society of wags to something like Yale's own version of Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters of the '60s, traipsing around campus nude—shocking freshmen, infuriating professors and confounding administrators. In fact, a willingness to bare all is a prerequisite for membership, and recruitment sometimes takes place during in-the-buff sushi-and-cocktail gatherings. The Pundits' infamous naked parties may be their most important contribution to the Yale scene, allowing hundreds of students to examine each other's pubic groomings.

Naked parties have gotten lots of media attention lately, but when the *New York Times* called, the Pundits weren't about to cooperate. One of the nation's most prestigious newspapers wanted to do a story about them, but the tricksters just did what they do best—they fucked with someone's mind.

Assigned to get a firsthand account of a naked party at Yale, *Times* reporter Rachel Aviv contacted the Pundits. They would later bring her to a real one, but not before throwing a special shindig on her behalf. Mr. E's eyes light up recounting the story: "Instead of a lot of people drinking and mingling in a dark, well-decorated room, we brought her to a brightly lit library in which just a couple dozen of us were sitting around and playing board games. After the Taboo, Uno, Scrabble, etc. were concluded, we did some naked charades and then, to top it off, some naked trust falls off a table."

Likewise, Ms. Aviv's story on the seedy underbelly of an Ivy League school was collapsing faster than Judy Miller could say, "WMDs." The *Times* reporter had to be freaking out, but maybe she was just confounded by the intensity of naked charades.

The evening's coup de grâce came when the revelers gathered into groups of three to eight, distributed condoms and left. The bewildered journalist could do nothing but struggle to jot down a few notes and then slide her pants back on. The Pundits, explains one tall and impeccably dressed member, "make sure there's never a moment when everything's okay."

David Thier is a Yale sophomore majoring in American Studies. He writes weekly for the arts section of the Yale Daily News.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@lfp.com*.

"Oh, but I *do* have confidence in myself. I'm confident that I'm never going to amount to shit!"

HISTORY OF THE HOTDOG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

While that tasty, cylindrical food item tailor-made for a fresh bun has a variety of names—hotdog, frankfurter, frank, wiener, tube steak or red hot—one thing remains constant: Everybody loves 'em. But very few people know that much about the incredibly popular hotdog. Throughout this pictorial, a few interesting tidbits will be *dished* out.

HILLARY SCOTT & JEAN VAL JEAN

★ A hotdog is a sausage containing beef, pork or a combination of both; during processing it is cured, smoked and cooked. (In recent years, chicken and even tofu have also become fillers.)

★ There is some debate as to the hotdog's origin. For centuries, many believed it was first introduced in Frankfurt, Germany, in the late 1400s, hence the name frankfurter. (In 1987 that city marked the 500th birthday of the hotdog with a massive festival.) However, in 2001, the National Hot Dog and Sausage Council (seriously, there is such a thing) announced that it believed the hotdog wasn't invented until the late 1600s, crediting Johann Georghehner, a butcher living in Coburg, Germany.

★ 1867: A German butcher in New York City's Coney Island section began peddling spicy Vienna sausages in buns, labeling them Coney Island Red-Hots. By 1871 his business had grown from a push cart into a lucrative restaurant.

★ 1902: Some think the term *hotdog* was coined at a New York Giants baseball game. On a particularly cold afternoon in April, the concessionaire at the Polo Grounds was losing money trying to sell ice cream and soda, so he sent an underling out to buy a shitload of dachshund sausages and an equal number of buns. Within an hour, vendors manning portable hot-water tanks were hawking something the chilled spectators couldn't wait to get their hands on.

See Hillary Scott get a mouthful in *InTERActive*, *Britney Rears 3*, *A List 2*, *Anal Nation* and *Little White Girls* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

★ Popular condiments include mustard, ketchup, pickle relish, chili, sauerkraut, cole slaw and onions. In what may be a historical first, Hillary Scott is seen devouring a hotdog doused with cum.
Damn, that chick sure knows how to eat a plump wiener!

WE HAD BETTER HURRY. MY HUSBAND WILL BE HOME SOON!
HEY, DON'T WORRY. I'M A PREMATURE EJACULATOR. I'LL BE IN AND OUT IN NO TIME!
WINNERS

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Carmen Luvana, alias **Lady Scarface**, gets what's coming to her with Ava Rose (top) and Herschel Savage.*

Lady Scarface

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** DANIEL DAKOTA. **STARRING:** CARMEN LUVANA, AVA ROSE, ICE LA FOX, MIKAYLA, EMILIANNA, ANGEL CASSIDY, SHYLA STYLEZ, TOMMY GUNN, HERSCHEL SAVAGE, ROD FONTANA, CHRISTIAN, BEN ENGLISH & JERRY.

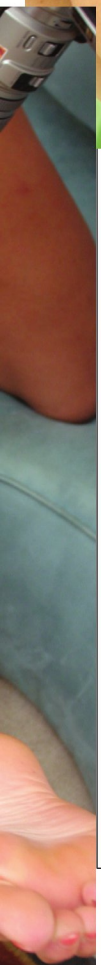
Scarface used the word *fuck* over 200 times, for an average of 1.22 occurrences per minute. The three-hour *Lady Scarface* boasts an equally impressive FPM ratio, but lets action speak louder than words. More homage than parody, the plot faithfully follows the original movie, chronicling the rise and fall of a power-hungry gangster. Carmen Luvana (the self-proclaimed "world's biggest Pacino fan") does an awesome impression in the title role. Shot in HD and presented in widescreen, the epic production still offers some cheesy fun. Classic scenes from *Scarface* are re-created between all the fucking—and there's a lot of fucking. Of the eight sex scenes, the talented Carmen does her thing in three, including a lesbian tryst with new contract star Ava Rose. The luscious Ava has a white-hot tryst with a dude as well. The DVD comes with a bonus disc full of extras, plus audio commentary by Carmen, Ava and director Daniel Dakota. ***—Kevin Wright***

*You call the shots: **InTERActive** eye candy Tera Patrick and Hillary Scott (right) are virtually at your service.*

InTERActive

HUSTLER VIDEO/TERAVISION. **DIRECTOR:** QUINN ROBERTS. **STARRING:** TERA PATRICK, JESSICA JAYMES, HILLARY SCOTT, SPYDER JONES, DEZ & SAMMY LIGUORI.

Tera Patrick is a phenomenal flirt, and half the thrill of this new viewer-controlled POV flick is watching her seduce you into a world where you seem to call the shots, but never lose the feeling that she's going to get what she wants. Hey, she's Tera, and you're not. The premise is classic porn cheeseball: Our smokin'-hot heroine's wiseguy husband isn't banging his luscious lady enough, so when he leaves the house, she gets it on with you, the neighbor. All you have to do is make sure hubby doesn't come back too soon and stuff your dog-meat ass into a car trunk. (Sammy Liguori turns in a great De Niro-esque performance laced with verbal viciousness.) As long as you play it cool and make the right choices—most of which have to do with keeping a certain oversexed goddess in the O-zone—you get to fondle, finger and fuck Tera and her pals all day long. Play it extra smart, and anal princess Hillary Scott (sporting an adorable, nerdy-glasses look) just might drop by to borrow some cream and stay for an ass-banging. But even decisions like that can get in the way of a good stroke, so this two-disc set also offers a hands-free version, stringing together the optimal options. This flick is a slick add to your wall-to-wall Tera collection, so stop being so fuckin' shy…inTERAct! ***—M.J.***



Butt Licking Anal Whores #5: *Bosomy Cassidy Blue and Kurt Lockwood help Samantha Ryan achieve lasting shame (below left), while Kaiya Lynn gets tasteful with Sativa Rose.*

Butt Licking Anal Whores #5

PARIAH PICTURES/JM PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTOR:** KHAN TUSION. **STARRING:** CASSIDY BLUE, SAMANTHA RYAN, MIA BANGG, BRITNEY STEVENS, CHELSIE RAE, JEANIE MARIE, LACEY LUV, SATIVA ROSE, KAIYA LYNN, KURT LOCKWOOD, CHRIS CHARMING & BEN ENGLISH.

Is Khan Tusion the director of this filth-fest or the dictator? The jerk-in-chief can't seem to shut up for five seconds and let the girls get on with their rimjobbing. Luckily, some of his sado-sarcasm is funny as shit. Tusion's favorite shtick is to convince his hotties to look up from their butthole-burrowing and say, "Look, Mom, I'm a dirty piece-of-shit whore." Some are game, but fetching newcummer Cassidy Blue rebels, telling him, "Fuck you! I'm not saying that!" Tusion berates every one of his victims. "What happened to you?" he chides. "Don't you realize your whole family is going to see this?" He even talks naive novice Jeanie Marie into saying her real name on camera (which gets bleeped). Saucy Mia Bangg makes it fairly clear she thinks Tusion is a humiliating creep, a description he wears like a badge of honor. "I'm just here for the paycheck," Mia confesses, then tells a story from her escort days involving a colostomy bag. Naturally, Tusion wants to know if she sucked on the tube. This flick is full of moments like that—making it a strange brew of gorgeous chicks and sphincter-sucking humiliation. The raw truth on offer here will make you laugh or cringe, depending on how twisted you are. As for the sex, it's dirty and nasty as Tusion pushes the girls to their limits. Nine out of ten perverts agree: Khan Tusion is a gutter genius. ***—M.J.***

GRINDHOUSE
The Real Deal

Remember when blue movies had to masquerade as social documentaries? Remember when the taboo bar was lower than Quentin Tarantino's mental age? Whether you do or not, you can brush up on Pre-Hard-Core 101 with a groovy bunch of retro rarities now available on DVD.

Synapse Films has earned extra porn cred by capping off its ***42nd Street Forever*** grindhouse trailer compilations with a new XXX-treme Special Edition. This corny cornucopia of mustachioed studs, bushy twats and wooden dialogue is a fascinating tour of all the tawdry fare you've never seen (unless you were one of those trench-coated denizens of Times Square in the '70s and '80s). These gems are as schlocky *(continued on page 139)*

Grindhouse porn legend Vanessa Del Rio, photographed by James Baes for the March '81 HUSTLER.

Jungle Fever's Alexia Milano bends over backward for racial equality as Lexi Belle rings her bell.

Lindsey Meadows welcomes ***Chasey*** *Lain back to the fold.*

Run through the ***Jungle:*** ***Barely Legal*** *Nina Stevens is a budding black-snake charmer.*

BLJF*'s Brooke Scott reminds Sledge Hammer why he jogs naked.*

Barely Legal: Jungle Fever

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** RICHARD DE MONTFORT. **STARRING:** LEXI BELLE, ALEXIA MILANO, PAULINA JAMES, NINA STEVENS, BROOKE SCOTT, ANNETTE SCHWARZ, TYLER KNIGHT, MAUI KANE, DWAYNE CUMMINGS, LEE BANG, SLEDGE HAMMER & NATHAN THREAT.

This is the first all-interracial offering in the popular *Barely Legal* video series, and it's got everything fans crave. All the girls are cute, perky, fresh-faced and horny, especially covergirl Lexi Belle. She and busty brunette Alexia Milano have to beg an apparently gay cowboy (played by Tyler Knight) for sex. They play with themselves and each other until Tyler finally caves and whips out his big dick, which winds up plowing Alexia's ass. Rising star Paulina James has an evil glint in her eye not seen since Ashley Blue. "I wanna suck your cock till your eyes explode!" the hormone-crazed schoolgirl cries. Paulina's thrown into convulsive fits as her pussy's stretched tight by black cock. Curvy blonde Annette Schwarz giddily blows cum bubbles after taking it up her big and juicy ass. Nina Stevens gives young Dwayne Cummings his first taste of white poontang. Dwayne's mentor, Lee Bang, hooks him up, explaining, "White pussy's a delicacy, bro." But unable to resist Nina himself, Lee joins in, and both dudes bang her. With over two hours of wall-to-wall sex, this flick is more jam-packed than a pimply teen's nut sac. The videography is sharp and clean, with great skin tones. *Barely Legal: Jungle Fever* is definitely doing its part to help all races come together. ***—K.W.***

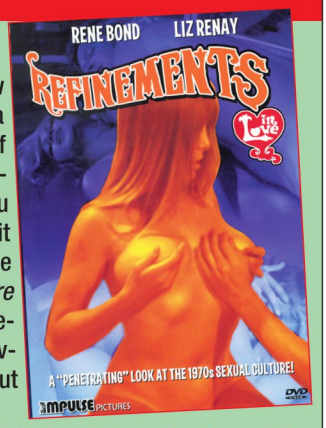
Cheeky Lindsey Meadows goes for a ride in **Chasey**'s cumback vehicle.

Chasey Reloaded

RED LIGHT DISTRICT/FORBIDDEN. **DIRECTOR:** JAMES AVALON. **STARRING:** CHASEY LAIN, LINDSEY MEADOWS, CHRISTINA AGUCHI, SAVANNAH STERN, DAISY MARIE, ISABELLA SKY, TORY LANE, ERIC MASTERSON, FRANCO DEL TORRO, RENO, JOHN WEST & CHRISTIAN.

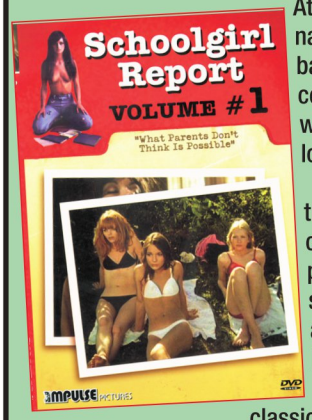
Chasey Reloaded marks Chasey Lain's latest return to adult films and the first movie for her new company, Forbidden Cinema. Named as one of the top 50 porn stars of all time by *AVN* back when she *first* retired in 2002, the now-35-year-old Chasey kept busy being a MILF during her second prolonged absence from the biz. But that hasn't slowed her down at all. Back when Chasey was a Vivid contract girl, condoms were required. So this movie also features Chasey's first bareback fuck in over a decade—but not before she indulges her lesbian appetites. Bound-and-gagged schoolgirl Lindsey Meadows fucks Chasey with a strap-on after she's untied, and the two eat each other out. Then Chasey, Daisy Marie and Isabella Sky use fingers, tongues and toys on each other until Daisy squirts like a broken faucet. Costars Savannah Stern and Tory Lane handle the heavy lifting, with a threesome and an anal reaming, respectively. Tory's scene is the hottest in this or almost any other flick. But beware of glitches, which many other reviewers have also encountered on their copies of the DVD. The moment of truth between Chasey and Christian lasts only 15 minutes, but what man could last longer? Shot in high-definition widescreen, *Chasey Reloaded* is high-end fare that's couples-friendly without pulling any punches. ***—K.W.***

(continued from page 137) as the titles: *Dracula Exotica*, *Passage Thru Pamela*, *Ultra-Flesh*, to name just a few. And in case you think this stuff doesn't measure up to today's supersmut, Vanessa Del Rio will prove you wrong. By the way, a few years back it was Synapse that delivered the whacked-out Greco-cult flick *Singapore Sling*. This tale of two oversexed recluses who trap and torture a lost traveler is definitely worth a look. Find out more at **Synapse-Films.com**.



Impulse Pictures has just released Carlos Tobalina's 1971 oddity, ***Refinements in Love***. This disjointed sleazefest of hokey pseudo-reportage covers everything from sex hypnosis to the tactile ecstasy of talcum powder. With bosomy siren Liz Renay as a guide, the realms of psychosexual research and middle-class hang-ups are explored, all gloriously set to the musical equivalent of cheap polyester. The movie's motto proclaims, "The day they outlaw sex, only outlaws will have sex," and legendary mobster moll Renay knows plenty about that. (The fox was Mickey Cohen's longtime squeeze.) And in case you ain't sold yet, *Refinements* features a very early outing by '70s sinema fuck bunny Rene Bond!

Also from Impulse comes ***Schoolgirl Report #1***, a German box office smash from 1970. The "report" chronicles all those hippie, free-love kids doing things "their parents would never understand." At one point, a Teutonic teen "ingrate" named Renate horrifies the adult world by banging a school bus driver, then innocently intoning, "When two want to sleep with each other, it doesn't mean it's the love of your life." Shocking!



And you may be surprised that even in the age of anal gonzo, spying on a flower child as she changes her blouse is still pretty arousing. The flick ends with the school's liberal shrink pleading for tolerance: Don't expel free-screwing Renate; let sexual truth prevail.

Impulse plans to roll out this schlock classic's entire raft of a dozen sequels. To that we can only say, *Wunderbar!*

Meanwhile, the vanguardists at Other Cinema have compiled their own hidden history of the 20th century. *The Subject Is Sex* runs the sleaze gamut: silent-era flashers, nudist "documentaries," raunchy pre-Disney animation (including the 1920s hard-core 'toon *Buried Treasure*), classic striptease routines (notably a Lili St. Cyr bubble bath) and early XXX trailers. There's even a U.S. Navy training film on proper enema procedure, which should get a howl from gay proctologists and other rectal fans. And beware: The strange teaser for the "hillbilly psycho-smut flick" *Memories Within Miss Aggie* may perplex you for life. Aficionados of the weird and radical are advised to check out **OtherCinemaDVD.com**. ***—M.J.***

Gangsta Hos *Coco Pink and Krystal Wett (below) prove that crime pays.*

Running with the devil: Monica Mayhem (above), Dee (above right) and Jassie (below) peel off some hot licks in hard-rockin' ***Sacred Sin****.*

Sacred Sin

NINN WORX. **DIRECTOR:** MICHAEL NINN. **STARRING:** HEATHER VUUR, JASSIE, DEE, BROOKE BANNER, A.J. BAILEY, NEVAEH, MONICA MAYHEM, JEAN VAL JEAN, SLEDGE HAMMER, NICK MANNING & SCOTT NAILS.

Eddie Van Halen teams up with porn auteur Michael Ninn for a groundbreaking collaboration. While getting the guitar god behind such hard-rock hits as "Eruption" and "Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love" to score a XXX movie is a stroke of genius, Van Halen's propulsive licks are a jarring fit with the haunting biblical imagery of Ninn's gothic art film. Taking the top honors at *AVN* for Best Art Direction, Best Videography and, of course, Best Music, this highly stylized offering is visually stunning but lacking in adrenaline. Jassie, Brooke Banner, Monica Mayhem and the other babes actually put out like busted gumball machines, but the lavish effects and production values dampen the sexual heat of their performances. The bonus disc is packed with extras, including a full-length romp with the lovely Heather Vuur, solo snippets, deleted footage, an hour-long behind-the-scenes and two new music videos from Eddie Van Halen that feature exclusive tracks from *Sacred Sin*. ***—K.W.***

Gangsta Hos

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** ROB SPALLONE. **STARRING:** KRYSTAL WETT, JADE EDEN, COCO PINK, NIKOLE RICHIE, DENA CLAY, NATHAN THREAT, CUNTRE PIPES, J. DEPTH, CHARLIE MAC & ACE.

Can't get enough of that black crack? Lucky for you, our friends in the video department are following up their long-running *Ghetto Booty* and *Black & Wild* series with this showcase of steamy new booty. To be honest, there's not a lot of gangsterin' here, and these gals are a little too sweet to do that urban title justice, but get ready to unzip anyway. The tawny lineup kicks off with a superfine milk-chocolate dime-piece known as Krystal Wett. You're gonna love watching that big ol' mole on her sweet little tush bounce up and down. Krystal is a great warm-up act, but Coco Pink is rightly billed as the star of *Gangsta Hos*. Is it because of her big bubble boobs or her soulful way with a semen rod? The correct answer is *both*. Afro-connoisseurs know that what sets the sistas apart is the way they keep it real (sure it's a cliché, but for good reason), and none of the ladies in this inaugural outing overdo a thing. They play it only as wild as they feel, and if you love black ass, you gotta love that. ***—M.J.***

*Coco holsters her **Gangsta**'s weapon like a pro **Ho**.*

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RED LIGHT DISTRICT'S
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TERAVISION'S
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BARELY LEGAL: DROP IT LIKE IT'S HOT

EVIL ANGEL'S
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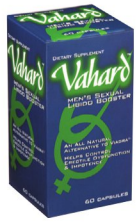

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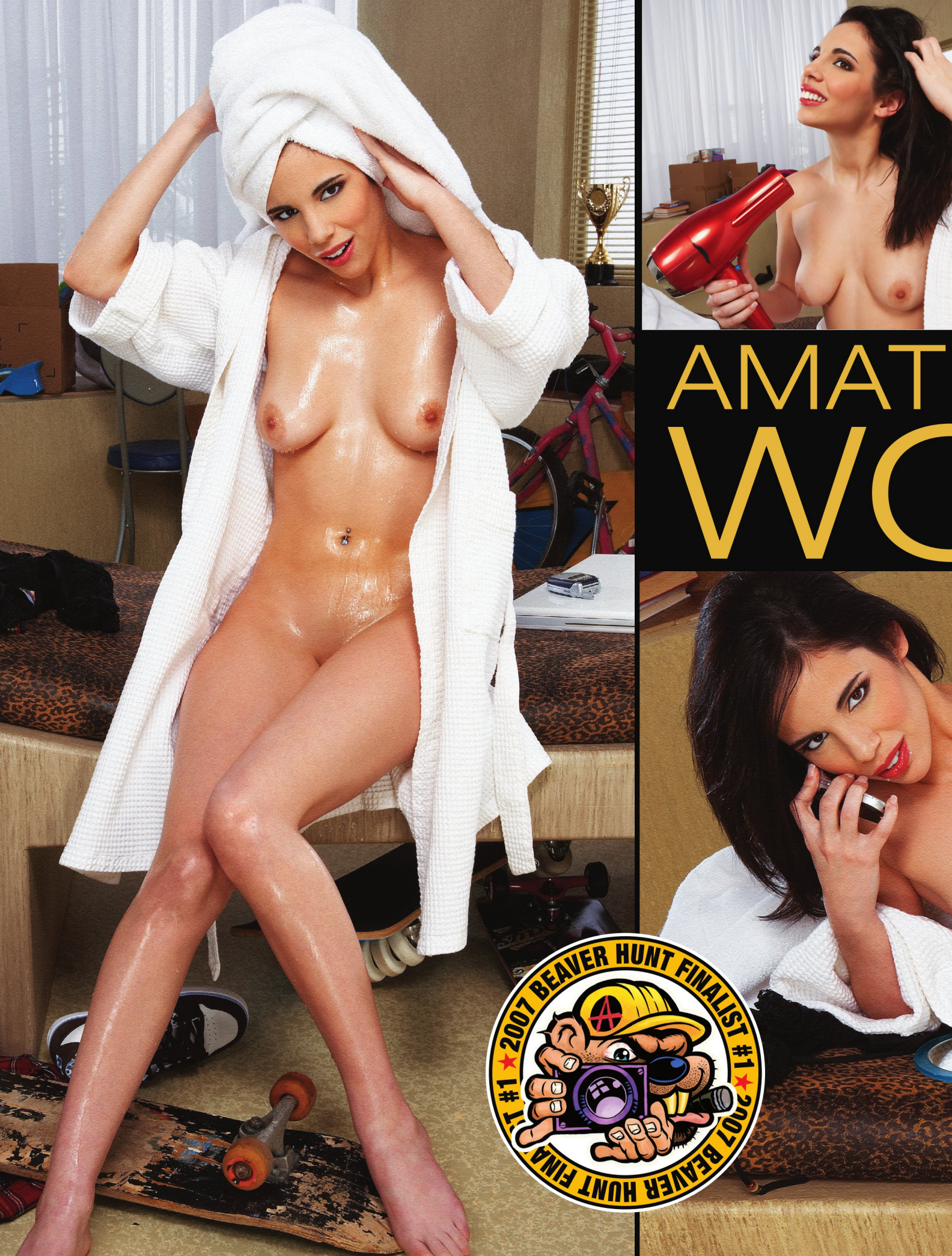
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2007 BEAVER HUNT FINALIST #1

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ORSHIPED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

LARISSA

Named one of the four Finalists in our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition, this Upstate New Yorker is flying high as a kite. "I'm so psyched," **Larissa** marvels, "because it's always been my goal to make a name for myself as a nude model. I know it's going to take a lot of hard work, but I can do it. HUSTLER, being the most open-minded of magazines, is the perfect place to start."

LARISSA'S
VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: East
Syracuse, New York
AGE: 19
BIRTH SIGN: Pisces
HEIGHT: 5-2
WEIGHT: 100
MEASUREMENTS: 32B-26-34
THIS
SIDE
UP

Always up for hanky-panky, barely legal **Larissa** is close to perfect herself. “I have no shame when it comes to sex,” the diminutive exotic dancer and strip-club DJ readily admits. “I’ve done it in a cemetery, a park, on or in cars, in garages, anywhere you can think of, really. My ultimate fantasy is to have sex in a church for the first time—preferably in a confessional booth. A church is a place of sanctuary and good, but I want to make it dirty. I’m a very naughty pagan.” Holy crap!

Offering a litany of lusts, **Larissa** adds, “I love doggy-style, but I think my favorite position is being on top. That way I can be in total control. I’m also down with doing anal, but only with the right guy.”

When she isn’t working or consumed by all-out ribaldry, the babe doesn’t always slow down. “I’m kind of a tomboy when I’m just hanging out,” she reckons. “I spend a ton of time on my skateboard in jeans and a T-shirt with no makeup. In general I just live my life to the fullest. Every day is an adventure, and I’m ready for it.”

But is the outstanding amateur ready for the next big step? “I have never done porn,” **Larissa** replies, “but I can’t get enough sex. So maybe. As long as it’s with a hot, young guy. I couldn’t screw some fat, bald dude with man boobs just because he has a big dick.”